Week ending Dec. 12 1959

JOHN BULL

Everybody's Weekly

EVERY WEDNESDAY 5d

PAUL GALLICO

beginning this week

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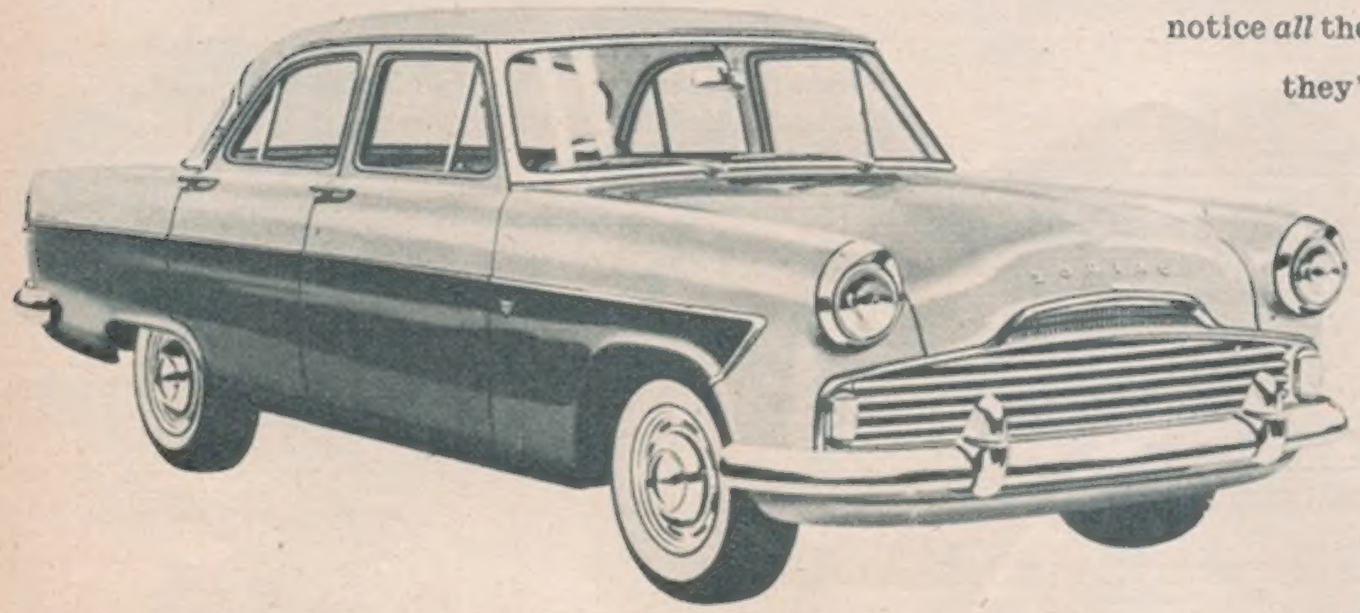

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JOHN BULL
EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY
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The Cover

FOR weeks this wily wife hinted about the utter joy of a cup of tea in bed; but all in vain. Now comes the moment of reckoning for this bed-bound breadwinner, reinforced by the strongest weapon in a woman's armoury: the silent reproach to conscience. In fact, this cup will do anything but cheer. . . . He badly needs an excuse. "He could say he knows the agony of getting up on a cold morning," says Coleman, "and that women can stand more pain than men"

Free Speech

JOHN BULL: EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech." Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to our Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post and in our feature "We Advise."

Let's Have A Plan

As the curtain closes on the fifties I have been summing up a ten-year programme I set myself in 1950. I was going to learn two languages, become my own boss, marry my childhood sweatheart and save a thousand pounds.

I haven't done too badly. I married the girl, learned French, and own a clothing business.

It was having the plan that helped me to realize these ambitions. And as we start the sixties I think the whole country should adopt a definite ten-year plan.

By 1969 we should have cured our traffic problems, provided a decent home for everyone, and enough hospitals and schools. We should have cleared our skies of smoke and our rivers of pollution.

We're rich enough to tackle these problems—a plan would force the politicians to do something about them.—S. GEORGE, London, N.W.

My Strange Voice

I have just heard my recorded voice and cannot recognize it. Can anyone explain why?

And would it not be a good idea to have tape recorders in schools to help pupils with their accents? I wish I had heard my voice earlier in life.—MRS. CONSTANCE GREEN, Bidborough, Tunbridge Wells.

"People never hear their voices as they really sound," says a doctor. "Most of the noise is going away from the person who is speaking. Another factor is that you hear your own voice conducted through the bones in your head, whereas other sounds are air-conducted."

Fish Went Mad

After a day's fishing on Fowey River, my friend and I rowed up river to our home town of Lostwithiel. We encountered a long shoal of mullet.

For no apparent reason they threw themselves at the boat and oars with terrific force. This was about midnight. Why were these fish behaving like this? — EDWARD PHILLIPS, Lostwithiel, Cornwall.

"Nobody really knows why fish go mad like this," says the Natural History Museum. "They may be trying to escape from some enemy, or they may be confused by the splashing of the oars and think that the boat is an enemy. A strong light on board would also tend to attract them."

A Free For All

I have a novel idea which might help to unblock our towns (JOHN BULL, November 7). This would be to make all public transport in the big cities free to all users.

This would almost immediately take all private cars off city roads.

The cost of the service could be met by a levy on all firms in the area, based on the number of employees.

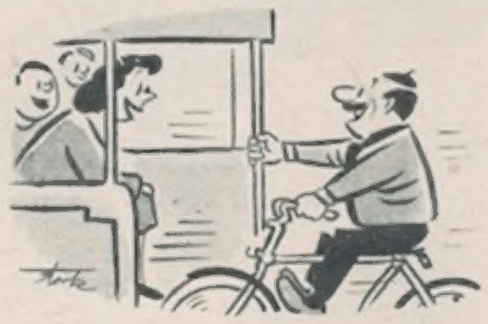
Even the cost of transport would be reduced by this scheme. There would be no tickets, account books, ticket collectors or booking offices. —V. J. IMRIE, London, S.E.6.

"This is similar to a scheme which I advocated three years ago," says Mr. Harry Knight, general secretary of the Association of Supervisory Staffs, Executives and Technicians.

"As a result several countries asked me to explain my proposals—which were to make all public transport free. Now I understand that the Polish and Czechoslovakian Governments are considering its implementation."

The Canny French

The Scots may be thrifty, but the French have them beat, judging



from an incident I saw on holiday this summer.

A Frenchman propped his cycle against a tram stop and waited until the tramcar came along, then bundled his wife and small children aboard.

He jumped on his bike, caught up with the tram and clung on to it all the way to the town, chatting with his wife. Her fare was about sixpence—the children travelled free —and so did Papa.—IAN WATT, Carnoustie, Angus.

Prisons For Profit

I cannot understand why it costs £12 a week to keep a prisoner in jail (JOHN BULL, November 14). If I were in charge of a jail I would guarantee to make a profit—and few prisoners would return.

I would set up a small factory to produce luxury hand-made goods which are now imported. Each prisoner would be paid on his output. The money would all be set aside and when a prisoner came out of jail he would receive £10 a week for the first few weeks.

By this system it would also be possible for offenders to pay recompense to the victims of their crime. — A. V. BRADBURY, Caversham Road, Reading, Berks.

"At present prisoners do many different kinds of work and their average pay is between 2s. 3d. and 6s. a week," says the Home Office. "What work prisoners should do in jail has been the subject of a great deal of discussion.

"The problem is under constant review and the Prison Commission will be glad to consider any new ideas that readers have."

Free Speech Secret

I know this page is devoted to free speech, but I am left speechless by the absurdity, stupidity and intolerance of some of the views expressed.

Only one thing baffles me more, and that is the common factor which makes the letters eligible for this page. I find no common basis; some are sensible, others are just outrageous. — SONIA F. HURCOMBE, South Yardley, Birmingham.

A Coalman's Plea

The cartoon by Starke in JOHN BULL, November 7, was funny but unfair to the average coal delivery man. Put in its true perspective, each year 560 million bags of coal are delivered, and the number of cases of short delivery is infinitesimal.

A coalman likes you to check the bags to avoid suspicion, but please do it openly and not through a chink in the curtain.

The coalman may have a black face, but if everyone worked as hard as he does the country would be better off. He is not wanted in the summer; in winter he is expected to make extra deliveries, never go sick, and keep going in hail, rain or snow, with hands raw from frozen bags. These jokes about a man doing a hard job should stop. The coalman has feelings, just like everyone else. — J. R. L. MARTINDALE, Crown Street, Liverpool, 7.

The Friendly Ogre

I have just had my first encounter with someone I had imagined to be a grim, frightening ogre—the income tax inspector. To my surprise the interview was conducted in a small, cosy office.

The inspector was a helpful and friendly person who made me feel at ease and took great pains to explain a complicated assessment to me.

In the middle of it a girl came in with cups of tea. I left feeling that

tax inspectors are a much maligned race.

Alas, the friendliness did not extend to chopping a few pounds off what I have to pay. — F. W., Carnoustie, Angus.

Britain's Sales Drive

Often I have noticed the cars of visiting Americans with registration plates which show the state of origin, "Arizona—Grand Canyon State" for example.

This is an idea which might well be copied for our own cars which go touring in other countries. It would help to "sell" Britain to foreign tourists if our number plates carried such slogans as "London—Centre of the Commonwealth," "Westmorland—land of the lakes."

Most car owners would be glad to act as unpaid travel agents for their country this way.—W. GORE, Newbury, Berks.

Kept It Dark

On my way to Kent recently I broke my journey at London to visit my sister.

She has recently been allocated a new house by the local council and although I knew the avenue she lived in I didn't know the number.

I asked at the local post office. They knew her address but refused to give it to me.

If they were acting under any law it seems a remarkably silly one. I had to go away without seeing my

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Free Speech

continued from page 3

sister. — ROY DUNCAN, Juniper House, Firs Estate, Castle Bromwich, Warwicks.

"There is no law covering the giving of addresses," says the Post Office. "However, it is not our practice to give information about people to somebody else. We are like a business in this respect—we have our clients and we have to know something about them. But we'd be betraying our relationship if we started revealing what we know to any Tom, Dick or Harry."

Not New, Really

The opening of the M.1 motorway received much publicity, some of it being concentrated on the fact that one can now travel by motorcoach from London to Birmingham in three hours twenty-five minutes.

It would be interesting to know just when the now despised railway first accomplished this feat.—H. P. WALKER, King's Heath, Birmingham, 14.

"In January, 1845, London to Birmingham was a journey of 4 hrs. 2 mins.," says British Railways. "By May of the same year it was 3 hrs. 7 mins. By 1905 a 2-hr. run was the rule.

"Today the service has switched from Euston to Paddington, because of our electrification programme and the time is just over two hours."

Got The Bird

A few years ago farmers were experimenting with a bird called a churkey, a cross between a chicken and a turkey.

What happened to the experiments? A bird of this type would be ideal for the modern oven.—J. M., Nairn, Scotland.

"The churkey was not a cross between a chicken and a turkey," says a poultry expert. "This story got about because the bird—a fowl called the Transylvanian Naked Neck—looks something like a small turkey.

"There was talk of mass-producing these birds some years ago, but not many are bred now, I understand."

Fare Game

It is interesting when travelling on buses to watch how people treat their tickets.

Women rarely ill-treat them, but you can see men frowning over the

number, using the ticket as a toothpick, rolling it into a tube, or making tiny boats and aeroplanes.

The biggest laugh comes when the inspector boards the bus—that is if you haven't become so engrossed in other people's antics that you have torn your own ticket into small pieces. — PHILIP ROGERS, Sefton Street, Southport, Lancs.

Limit For Members

A reader wants to know our pet wishes for M.P.s ("Free Speech," November 14). Mine is that when they reach the age of sixty-five they are told that they are too old for the job and must retire.

Many ordinary men experience this—sometimes at a much earlier age—and I am sure there would soon be a change for the better if M.P.s were faced with the same dilemma. — MRS. A. L., Hove, Sussex.

NEXT WEEK

Bertrand Russell

writes a brilliant, controversial article on the most vital problem facing the West's leaders in Paris

DARE WE DISARM?

Say 'Happy Christmas'

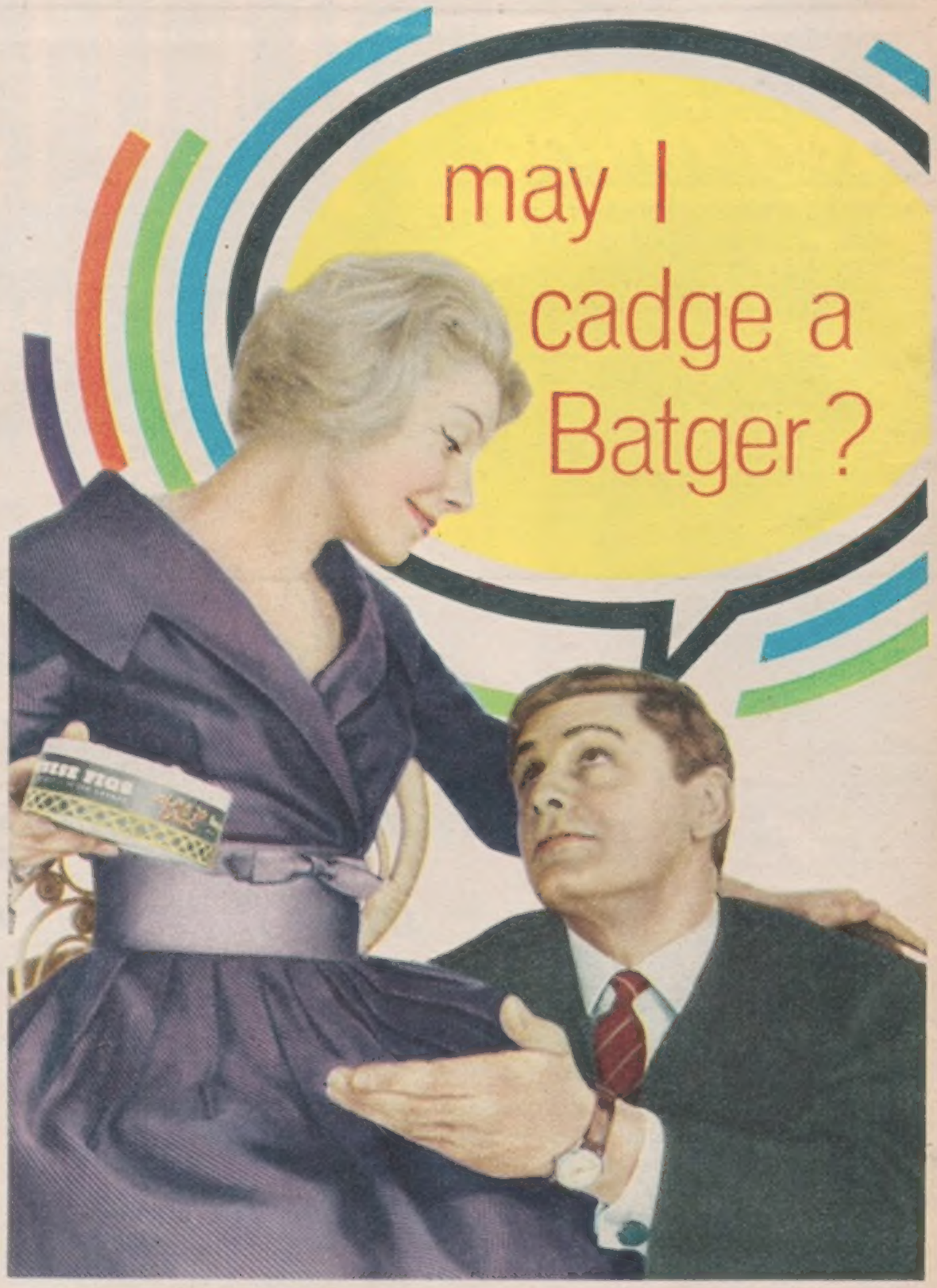
with

BOURJOIS

Evening in Paris Perfume and Toilet Soap. 6/-
Posy Bowl containing 3 Tablets Toilet Soap. Pretty container designed for after-use as flower bowl. 5/6

Ashes of Roses Talc, Toilet Soap and Bath Cubes. 3/8

Evening in Paris Perfume, Toilet Soap and Bath Cubes. 6/3



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VALENCIA SUGAR ALMONDS
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TURKISH DELIGHT

* and dont forget the Harlequin Crackers !

Beginning

PAUL GALLICO'S new romantic thriller

TOO MANY

The cynics who scoffed were due for a shock. Behind the hauntings at Paradine Hall lay something more deadly than they had dared imagine

It was fortunate that the grim and extraordinary haunting of Paradine Hall, East Walsham, Norfolk, seat of the Paradine family since the year 1523, did not reach the ears of the scandalous press. In fact, it was little less than a miracle. Had it done so, it might well have destroyed the Paradine Country Club connected with the Hall, and the Paradines themselves.

As it was, one nervous couple packed up and left at the first appearance of the mischievous and noisy poltergeist that suddenly infested the rooms in the east wing reserved for the guests of the Country Club. And this phenomenon coincided with the first reappearance after a century and a half of the legendary nun of Paradine Hall, whose figure in habit and cowl was said to have been glimpsed gliding along darkened corridors.

Luckily, the departing pair were north country people whose range of acquaintance did not reach into urban circles, and the tale of their experiences remained merely another ghost story. As for those who remained and did not talk, they were either hard-headed sceptics and unbelievers, or persons who, for selfish or other reasons of their own, wished to keep to themselves what appeared to be the first modern authenticated case of haunting and manifestations by supernatural spirits.

The Paradines, of course, kept silent about the happenings that took place in the west wing, occupied by themselves and their friends, the shocking damage to the room of Isobel Paradine, the mystery of the harp that played by itself in the night in the locked and disused music-room, and the terror that came to an American visitor, a friend of their daughter.

The private west wing was cut off from the guest rooms of the Country Club in the east wing by the great baronial dining-hall in the centre, the only common meeting ground, where guests and family dined together nightly.

The Paradines were close-mouthed, but rumour and whispers had crossed the gap swiftly, and when the poltergeist itself moved over from the west wing and began playing its tricks among the members of the Country Club, the secret was out. But it was only later, at that appalling dinner attended also by the Rev. Harry Witherspoon, of St. Dunstan's Church in East Walsham, and by Winters, the local doctor, that those present became aware that behind the manifestations was something horrid, dangerous and quite possibly deadly.

This put quite another light upon the matter, and brought about the eventual summoning to the scene of Alexander Hero, psychical researcher, private investigator, ghost-breaker and de-haunter of houses.

There had been great north-easterly gales for two days prior to the first of July, 1958, when it all began. But by then the high, tormenting winds had died away, so that on that night there was neither sound nor portent when something or someone violently shook the great carved mahogany four-poster bed in which Isobel Paradine lay sleeping, and snatched the covers to the floor.

She awakened startled in the darkness, with a feeling of presence, and thought at first that she was being roused either by her brother or by her sister-in-law because of something wrong in the house. Instinctively she reached for the covers, and again felt them slide from the bed. She was aware now that there was no sound of another person; no breathing but her own; and, more fully awake, she sat up

Susan's dark eyes stared back from the mirror as she touched the spot where the ice-cold fingers had lain. There was nobody else in the room . . .

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

GHOSTS

Too many ghosts

continued from page 6

and switched on the lamp by her bedside.

Her door was shut. There was no one in the room besides herself.

She sat up, watching and listening, in the huge bed in which her father and his father's father and grandfather had slept, and where the late Lord Paradine had also died, for this had been his room. A year after his death Isobel had moved into it, and no one had even disputed her right to be there, not even her brother John, the present Lord Paradine.

She reached for a light bedjacket and pulled it about her shoulders and waited. The room seemed to be empty, and yet it was not. Something had been at her; something unseen was there, stirring and moving. She remained quietly sitting up in bed, thinking and remembering things she had known and things she had heard about spectres, apparitions, spirits and phantoms, gentle and ungentle, that were supposed to have made their appearance from time to time in the Hall down through the ages. None of these thoughts shook either her poise or her nerves. She was ready for anything that might have to be encountered.

ISOBEL was a tall, regal, angular, striking-looking woman of middle-age —she was then forty-two. Her hair had always been so fair as almost to be white. She was a spinster who had devoted the whole of her life to her late father, whose portrait in the uniform of a guards colonel in the first World War stared at her from the opposite wall out of the painted, protuberant Paradine eyes.

In this huge, high-ceilinged room, two years before, old Lord Paradine had died at the age of eighty, one year too soon—just one year before his deed of gift of the estate and fortune to his son would have become effective. The enormous death duties had all but wrecked the family financially. Only Isobel, the daughter who had stood by him throughout her life, knew how the old man would have hated the Paradine Country Club, that stop-gap initiated by her brother, the present Lord Paradine, to keep the Hall going.

The one bedside lamp impinged only weakly upon the shadows that concealed the portraits of long-gone Paradines. By its light Isobel watched one of a pair of Sèvres vases arise from the mantelpiece on which it stood, as though impelled by the hand of an unseen, malevolent vandal, and hurl itself on to the stone flagging of the fireplace, where it shattered into a hundred pieces. A moment later it was joined by the second.

Isobel remained motionless. She did not stir or cry out or make a sound, not even when those same diabolic invisible hands appeared to grip the sides of a graceful Queen Anne tallboy and send it hurtling to the floor with an appalling crash of splintering wood.

Simultaneously, an Adam mirror in a gilt gesso frame shattered before the eyes of the imperturbable woman, the shards of glass falling in tinkling heaps.

But the next and final manifestation did wring a cry from Isobel's lips: the portrait of the late Lord Paradine seemed to leap forcefully from the wall and fall to the floor askew, chipping and damaging the corner of the golden frame. It remained there, oddly balanced and gazing at her crookedly.

Isobel drew in her breath sharply and murmured, "Father," and then more softly repeated, "Oh, Father!" And then her door flew open and members of the family appeared with dressing-gowns thrown hastily over night attire, wakened by the noise.

Isobel watched them come tumbling in and stand there, silenced by dismay at the spectacle of ruin that met their eyes. There was her brother John, short and stout, his small mouth covered by a moustache, his prominent eyes seeming to start from his head; and next to him Enid, his red-haired wife, whom she could not abide. She was aware too of her nephew and niece, Mark and Beth, the Paradine's grown son and daughter, and the fat, florid, suety figure of that other nephew of hers, known as Cousin Freddie and next in line for the title after Mark.

Before anyone could speak there was a further scurrying of feet from the corridor and the two guests of the Paradines appeared. One was Sir Richard Lockerie, the baronet, a life-long friend and neighbour, who was staying at Paradine Hall over the summer while repairs and decorations were being carried out at nearby Lockerie Manor. The other was Susan Marshall, an American girl, a friend of Beth's; she, too, was spending the summer with them.

It was characteristic of the control Isobel exercised over herself that even in the face of this nerve-shattering assault by unseen forces, she should notice that Richard and Susan had come in practically together, and how exquisitely beautiful the American girl was, despite the evident concern upon her countenance. The time was just before two o'clock in the morning.

Lord Paradine was the first to find his voice: "My God, Isobel," he cried, "what's happened? Are you all right?"

"Yes, I am," she said slowly.

Richard then found his voice and said: "In heaven's name, Isobel, what has got in here?"

Isobel regarded them all out of her pale eyes and replied: "Nothing human. It is a warning. The nun will be seen in Paradine Hall before long."

LESS than two days later the news reached Alfred Jellicot, a retired draper from Manchester, who was one of the guests at the Country Club, that there had been a poltergeist manifestation in the west wing with considerable damage resulting.

Jellicot had two hobbies: one was dabbling in spiritualism and psychical phenomena; the other was collecting the nobility, and he already had several large scrapbooks concerning those who had in any way impinged upon his otherwise quiet and uneventful life.

The morsel about the Paradine haunting, which he gleaned from one of the servants, was too good to keep, and Jellicot promptly imparted it to another guest, Horace Spendley-Carter, M.P., whose position impressed him enormously. Spendley-Carter forthwith told his wife, Sylvia, a weak, timid woman with washed-out eyes and hair, who immediately succumbed to nerves and begged him to take her and their twelve-year-old daughter, Noreen, away from there. Spendley-Carter simply laughed at her—he had a particularly loud and explosive laugh—and told her not to be a fool.

ACCEPTANCE as a guest at Paradine Hall was paradise enough for Alfred Jellicot—it had been arranged by a friend in Manchester to whom Lord Paradine was under obligation—but to find himself in a haunted house as well was almost too much good luck. Jellicot invested ten shillings to keep open the lines for further intelligence and was rewarded by the story of the harp that played by itself—Lord Paradine and some others had gone bustling into the room and when they had got there there wasn't a soul to be seen.

The following morning, Dr. Everard Paulson, the atomic scientist who was staying at the Country Club while surveying the surrounding marshland for a possible safe site for a new installation, asked casually whether they now included a nun as one of their number, since he thought he had seen one gliding along the corridor during a nocturnal visit to the bathroom.

Jellicot's excitement knew no bounds. He knew his Norfolk legends and hauntings, and particularly those connected with Paradine Hall. The nun and the harp went together in the story and had always forecast disaster for the Paradines.

And then the poltergeist struck in the east wing.

It caused acute anger and annoyance to Major Howard Wilson, an irritable army officer with the underslung jaw of a shark, holidaying there with his wife. The major, a no-nonsense sceptic, was of the opinion that it was that little bounder Jellicot who was playing tricks.

It interested and amused Mrs. Geraldine Taylor, the stout, horsey-type widow with the blued hair, who was a gay old girl and liked anything that was different or exciting.

It had no effect whatsoever upon stocky, iron-grey David Ellison, a hydro-electric engineer with a string of letters and honours after his name. Ellison, who was recuperating from an illness acquired in Singapore, was a taciturn man with sharply observant grey eyes. He was given to minding his own business and playing golf.

On the other hand, little Noreen Spendley-Carter appeared to be wholly enchanted with the poltergeist, in spite of the fact that the manifestations seemed to induce in her mother a frightening state of upset, as they did when a series of pots and pans somehow found their way from the kitchen to the top of the attic stairway and then, apparently under their own volition, went clattering down four flights.

The more Mrs. Spendley-Carter begged to be taken home, the more adamant her husband became in his refusal. If what Jellicot said about poltergeists was true, then here was a chance for publicity he couldn't neglect.

Like all bullies, the poltergeist quickly found the weakest member of the group and the one most easily terrified: it seemed to concentrate its attention upon Sylvia Spendley-Carter, reducing her to tears and chattering hysteria. Curious things seemed to drop from the ceiling or fly in through closed windows—vegetables from the kitchen, an egg that was fortunately hard-boiled, nuts and small flint pebbles. At night the poltergeist went around tapping and knocking on walls, and playing odd tunes on exposed plumbing. And in the meantime several persons, including Mrs. Taylor, were certain that they had caught glimpses of the figure of the nun after dark.

Eventually the nerves of even the sceptics began to fray. Peace was gone from Paradine Hall.

NEXT came the attack on Susan Marshall in her room in the west wing between midnight and morning of the seventh of July.

After the gales and violence of late June, a hot spell had set in. The American girl, ordinarily no light sleeper, found herself awakened by a cold wind or current of air that played about her face, neck and shoulders.

At the first instant of this awakening she found herself alert, though not yet wholly aware of the presence in her room. She was uncomfortably conscious of the chill upon her skin.

Her eyes sought the slight parting in the drawn curtains covering her wide-open windows, through which appeared a sliver of moonlit night sky. The curtains did not stir; there was no wind to account for the cold enveloping her.

An instant later she felt the icy hand at her throat.

In this dreadful moment she neither screamed nor panicked. The fingers assaulting her, chill, damp, boneless, filled her with an appalling disgust and horror rather than fear. There was no strength in them, and it was revulsion that pervaded her rather than dread for her life.

Susan was a nerveless, athletic girl of twenty-three, strong and fit. Furiously angry, she prepared to grapple with the horror at her throat, spun quickly and grabbed for it—but there was nothing there. Her curtains stirred momentarily, and she was aware that her door had been opened. By the sliver of light from the window she caught a glimpse of a shrouded figure in some kind of cloak and cowl, like a nun's habit, disappearing. The door closed noiselessly.

Susan Marshall felt for the lamp at her bedside and switched it on, but no glow came to the bulb. The room remained in darkness. This, if anything, gave her more of a shock and fright than the attack on her person. The feeling was intensified when she went to her door and tried it, and found it locked. She remembered that there was a candlestick and matches on the mantel. She felt her way there and lit the candle. The room was empty.

She took the candle over to the mirror and held it up. Dark, large eyes stared

continued on page 26

Lights out!—and those of us whom pain allows
Must try to sleep,
Thinking of loved ones in a distant house,
Or counting sheep.

Night settles on the healthy world outside,
And on the hospital, hushing its sounds.
At intervals, we hear her footsteps glide:
A whispered word—a smile—a flashlight gleams—
The starched efficient angel of our dreams,
The night nurse goes her rounds.

FRANCIS NEWBOLD

THE MATING GAME

LIONEL DAVIDSON calls on Heather Jenner, first lady of Marriages Ltd. Matches made in her Bond Street office rival those of heaven for happiness—and they last longer

AN anniversary is being quietly awaited in Bond Street. Since 1939, hemmed in by suppliers of hand-made shoes and very old sporting prints, Miss Heather Jenner has gone discreetly about her affairs. That her stock in trade is by no means up to neighbouring standards of exclusivity she is herself well aware. Yet, by a happy chance, her clients regard it as the rarest on earth.

Miss Jenner deals in love—in its more contractual aspects. She is dedicated to the old magical proposition that 1 + 1 frequently makes more than 2. Each of her seven thousand contracts has been sealed with a loving kiss. She is the principal of Marriages Ltd.

For five and a half days a week, in a confidential warren of tiny rooms two floors above Bond Street, she plays the mating game, carefully seeking cause why this man should take that woman

That marriages made in Bond Street are more durable than those made in heaven seems proved by her record In nearly twenty-one years only five of her matches have led to the divorce court —an average of one in 1,400, compared with the current national figure of one in fourteen.

Curiously, Miss Jenner herself is one of the one in fourteen. Her first marriage (contracted on strictly non-scientific lines, to a Scottish laird) ended abruptly in the Queen's Bench Division after thirteen years.

She subsequently married the co-respondent who was author and humorist Stephen Potter, and today lives with him and her three children (two hers and one *theirs*) in a comfortable house in St. John's Wood.

At forty-five, Heather Jenner is a big, blonde, amusing woman, boldly made-up with green eye shadow and thickly pencilled eyebrows. Her speech is racy, equally at home in Bond Street or the counties. She is elegantly dressed and constantly plays with her pearls, her ear-rings, her bracelet and the huge yellow stone on her finger.

From the bustle of activity in the outer office, business seemed to be booming. I asked her the state of the market.

"Pretty good. We're averaging one wedding a day. It goes in waves, of course. The main crop is at Easter and around holiday times."

"How many people do you keep on your books?"

"We like to keep a couple of thousand current."

"Mostly women?"

"Of the over-thirties, yes. Beyond a certain point, over forty and fifty, we have to turn down a lot. There just aren't the men for them. We try and rotate them from a waiting list, but it's often very tricky because we can't unbalance the current list. A lot are disappointed, I'm afraid."

"Do you get many people under thirty?"

"Oh, yes. Our average age is twenty-seven for girls and about thirty-four for men. That compares with the national marriage figure of twenty-five and twenty-six respectively."

"Does that indicate that a girl gets bothered quicker about staying single than a man?"

"Well, yes," Miss Jenner said, briskly flicking cigarette ash and jangling her bracelet. "It's obvious, isn't it? I mean, a woman's natural feeling is that she should be married by a certain age or she's a bit of a failure. A man doesn't have that feeling. As far as he's concerned he simply hasn't met the right person. Which means that by the time we get him he's going to be a bit difficult."

"In what way?"

"Oh, hard to please, less prepared to compromise. All set people are difficult, spinsters

THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS TODAY · 4

by Gilbert Harding

ENVY

The craving that sours friendship

My favourite story of Speakers' Corner, at Hyde Park, is the one of the rabble - rouser who was "going on" about the rich. He finished a sweeping invective by suddenly demanding: "Why should all those parasites at the Dorchester and Grosvenor House gorge themselves on raspberries and cream? Why can't we all have raspberries and cream?"

A mild little man interrupted in a high-pitched voice: "But I don't like raspberries and cream," only to have the speaker whirl on him with: "Mate, when we come to power you'll have raspberries and cream and like it."

It's an amusing story and I introduce it because it's the only funny story I know that has anything to do with envy. As a rule, there's little humour to be found anywhere in envy: it's a cold, bitter, ignoble emotion, and an evil one. Evil because it does so much harm to those who are guilty of it.

The same can be said of all the deadly sins and I cannot say often enough that these articles are not written by someone who does not know what it is to be the victim of most of them.

It is often very difficult to perceive the line that separates good from bad. If a young apprentice engineer admires the achievements of Isambard K. Brunel and wants to be as famous and successful, that is a good thing.

The young business man who wants to improve his position by getting a home in the country for himself and his family because a colleague or superior has such a possession is not being envious. He is just being ambitious.

Well, you might say, everybody knows that. But it is so easy to slip from a proper desire to improve your position into envying other people for something they have which you have not got and probably don't deserve. The next step comes when we find ourselves disliking people we hardly know at all, simply and solely because they have things that we do not have.

Why should the successful crooner or comedian have a Rolls-Royce and earn more than the Prime Minister? Why indeed? But more important, why should we make ourselves miserable over the good fortune of others?

Nobody who has ever had the slightest success as a highly-paid public performer can be unaware of the lengths to which envy can drive people. Anonymous letters accuse the famous and the notorious of greed, pride and every kind of sin and vice.

Only the other day I was the victim of a verbal lashing in a pub. A man I know slightly invited the entire company to tell him why I, whom he described as a workhouse-born incompetent, and worse things besides, should earn ten times as much as he—a well-born, well-educated professional man: He was in his cups admittedly, but that only allowed him to let out the bitter envy and rancour he felt inside.

Good people, but . . .

Often those who are guilty of the sin of envy are good people otherwise. They bring their children up well, would not dream of robbing a bank, but they cannot resist the temptation to resent the good fortune of a "star."

But, of course, it is not only of the glittering few that so many of us are envious. Why should Mrs. Wilson's Tommy get into the grammar school, while our George has to go to the secondary modern? How can Mr. Jones afford to buy his wife another new coat, or himself a new car? "There's a fiddle somewhere."

We have all known people who could make themselves really unhappy by counting other people's blessings instead of their own. Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Smith were friends who lived on the same estate in a new town. Their children went to the same school; their husbands shared an interest in football. They visited each other's houses.

Neither family had a car until Mr. Jones bought himself a small, rather ancient family saloon. Mrs. Jones kept telling Mrs. Smith what a blessing it was, how convenient, and why didn't Mr. Smith get one?

Well, Mr. Smith did get one, a new one, larger than the Joneses'. Next time the Smiths invited them over, the Joneses found an excuse for not going. They had started to dislike the Smiths because they had a better car.

It's a futile habit

If only such people would realize the futility of envy. Once the habit is formed, there is no end to it. No matter who you are, there is always someone with a better job, or more money, or a more beautiful wife, or something.

On the personal level envy destroys happiness, and the higher the level the more dangerous it becomes. Not long ago, people were tapping their feet and humming the song:

"Anything you can do I can do better,
I can do anything better than you."

The sentiment was harmless. It is a good thing when we are led by the example of others to do better ourselves. But when it comes, as it has several times in the past hundred years, to deadly rivalry between nations, then we have examples of envy on an international level, which brought the world to disaster and near to ruin.

And now the ghastly merry-go-round starts again. The Americans envy the Russian moon-rocket success. The nations without H-bombs envy those that have them, and strain their resources to try to get them. Nations, like people, should put aside envy, and avoid the sort of competition that is bound to lead again to ruin.

There is an antidote to envy, and that is love or esteem of one's neighbour. In a word, charity. It is a great mistake to think that any of your neighbours is better than you are, but it is a grievous sin to think that you are better than any of your neighbours.

From time to time I myself have made appeals on the radio for money for good causes, and a very great proportion of the money that comes in comes from the simple, uncomplaining poor, who send a threepenny stamp or a sixpenny postal order. These are people who might well be envious, but instead they are actively charitable.

Many of us who are better off could learn a lesson from them. THE END

NEXT WEEK: The deadly sin of lust

continued from previous page

and bachelors. But bachelors are toughest. Women are more adaptable. It's their nature."

"How old is a bachelor before he's set?"

"Late thirties or early forties, I'd say."

"What kind of lives do these bachelors lead before they come to you? In digs or living with their mothers——"

"Yes, a lot with their mothers. In fact, it's often the mother who comes to see us first. We had one case recently. The mother said she wanted a dominating woman for her son because *she'd* dominated him all his life and that's what he liked.

"That one got a bit complicated when the son came along. Because he said the one thing he didn't want in this world was another dominating woman. He'd decided that he wanted to do a bit of dominating himself. Not one of our open and shut cases, that," said Miss Jenner reminiscently. "Still we managed to satisfy all parties in the end."

I wondered if there was anyone she hadn't managed to satisfy.

"That's difficult to answer. I mean, we don't *ourselves* give up. For instance there was one woman we had for eight years—an *exceptionally* tricky case—but we got her married in the end."

"Too choosy?"

"Too changeable. When she first came—it was in the war—she was a rather delicate girl, very slim, a secretary. Then she went off as a land girl and put on two stone and it sort of completely changed her personality. I don't think a month went by without her asking for a new introduction. She must have got through at least a hundred men before her wedding."

"Can your clients have as many introductions as they want?"

"Oh, yes. Their five-guinea registration fee entitles them to as many as they need before marriage. After marriage they pay a further twenty-five guineas."

"How do you arrange for your clients to meet?"

"Well, we match up a likely pair and then send the man's name to the woman—with his permission, of course. That's in case she happens to know him already, so that she can turn him down without embarrassment and without his knowing she's one of our clients. Also, they might even be cousins. You'd be surprised how often likely pairs turn out to be related or to move in the same circle, particularly if they happen to live in the same part of the country."

"And then they would make their own arrangements to meet?"

"Yes. We'd give him her address, if everything was all right, and they'd meet in a teashop or an hotel, somewhere like that."

"How long does it take before they decide to get married?"

"Oh, well, we usually give them five or six weeks and sort of sit and watch. Then if we've not heard anything, we write and ask what's happening. But usually they write to us. They might say, 'I quite like So-and-So but I'd prefer a few more introductions to make up my mind.' Or of course the man might say, 'Miss So-and-So has turned me down, I'd like another.' You know how it is," said Miss Jenner, resigned to the vagaries of romance.

"Yes. Isn't there something a bit cold-blooded and inhibiting about these meetings?"

"Oh, not a bit. The older ones might be a little *shy*, of course they might. But certainly not the young ones. I mean they're used to going to people to get things done, aren't they? You want a flat? Right, go to a flat agent. You need your feet fixed? Fine, that's for a chiropodist. You see what I'm getting at?"

I saw what she was getting at. "There doesn't seem to be a lot of consuming passion about it, does there?"

"Well, you know," said Miss Jenner, smiling gaily and fingering her ear-ring, "most people don't get consumed by passion. A lot haven't got any passion, just as a lot are tone deaf."

What about love?

"Are you saying most people don't fall in love?"

"No, I'm not. I think most people do fall in love. But it's because they want to. Very few actually meet their ideals. Life teaches them to settle for something less. I mean a girl might have some terrific thing about Marty Wilde or whatever, but as she gets older and more reasonable she learns to compromise and to be able to love someone else. People who don't get married are usually people who won't compromise, and I don't think on the whole that they really want to get married."

"They don't *want* to?"

"No. They might tell themselves they do. There's enormous social pressure to *be* married. But deep down they don't want to. It's a very fundamental thing, this ability to compromise on basic matters."

I commented that growing numbers seemed to be exercising this ability at an earlier age.

"What age are your youngest clients?"

"Nineteen."

"Is there something wrong with them?"

"Not at all. It's an enormous problem in towns these days. Even twenty or thirty years ago it was quite different. Young people were much more closely superintended then. Their parents would fix up all kinds of little arrangements, and there'd be Auntie So-and-So watching out, and Mrs. This, who was a cousin who knew people—you know.

"Nowadays people are very casual about such things, and for a variety of reasons a girl or a young man can find themselves very much alone in a big city. The matchmaking mother has gone out, and in a way it's a great shame."

"You're saying that in our free and easy society it's actually harder for people to meet?"

"In a way it is. Of course there are espresso bars and that kind of place. But by and large men don't marry girls they pick up in espresso bars. And nice girls don't like to hang around them on their own. It's the same with clubs."

"Are all your clients odd people out—lonely and unhappy?"

"No, no. Not at all. Not in that sense. Most are very *busy* people. They're largely in the professions or

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So he wants to be a professional footballer . . . it's a tough job—insecure, nerve-racking, not too well paid, but it's

A BOY'S DREAM OF HEAVEN

Boys of the schools' team in Tottenham are given free touchline seats by the Spurs at a First Division match. It pays clubs to encourage young players; every day they get applications from youngsters attracted by the glamour of a soccer career. But only one in a thousand reaches the top

THE future seemed highly promising for Sammy McLeod, a pocket-sized Scots inside-forward. He had played a vital part in Colchester's fight back against Arsenal in the fourth round of the F.A. Cup. His constructive approach work had enabled his club to hold their more powerful rivals to a draw, after being two goals down. A week later several First Division managers visited the club to watch McLeod play in a League match. But he was injured and unable to appear.

That was last February. Early this season the Colchester manager, Ben Fenton, introduced a reserve centre-forward, Martyn King, into his team to increase its scoring potential. King established himself with two successive hat tricks, and McLeod was relegated to the reserves. Recently he asked for a transfer.

There are few occupations so susceptible to changing fortunes as that of professional footballer. Yet this counts for very little with the thousands of teenagers who apply each season for trials with Britain's professional clubs, in the hope of making football their career. Of these applicants one in about a thousand reaches the top level—that of playing in the First Division. Only a small minority ever play in any class of professional soccer at all. Fenton has signed only two new full-time players in the last two years.

Some six hundred professionals enter the game each season, as a similar number retire. The ninety-two clubs affiliated to the Football League employ about three thousand players on professional contracts. A further three to four thousand play outside the Football League.

Most players enter the game at the age of sixteen or seventeen after playing in representative youth matches, which are attended by scouts on the look-out for exceptional ability. Youngsters who show a marked degree of skill are offered professional terms, and begin playing in one of the club's nursery sides. If a player makes good progress, he later gets his chance in the first team.

Quite often footballers turn professional by chance. Jack Kelsey, the Welsh international goalkeeper, was an amateur playing for a Swansea

by ROBERT HOLLES

A boy's dream of heaven

continued from previous page

minor team, in 1948. In one match he saved two penalties, one of them taken by a retired Arsenal player, who was so impressed by Kelsey's performance that he sent him to his old club for a trial.

But the signing of professional forms is only the prelude to a long period of insecurity. Competition for league places is intense. Frequently a player who is unable to turn out through injury finds that he has lost his place to a reserve when he is fit again.

Even top internationals can never be sure of a first team place. Danny Blanchflower, the Irish captain, has been dropped on several occasions by his club, Tottenham, because his attacking style has not always fitted into the team strategy.

Sometimes a good player will be kept out of the team by an outstanding one. Wilson Marsh, a Charlton goalkeeper, acted as understudy to Sam Bartram for ten years. He appeared in the League team only on the few occasions when Bartram was unfit, but when he did so, he was so nervous that he rarely played up to his normal standard in the reserves. When Bartram finally retired in 1956, at the age of forty, Marsh was superseded by another goalkeeper. He was given a free transfer.

Loss of confidence, domestic worries, and too much football are all factors which can affect a player's form—and his livelihood. One Scottish international who played in a big match while his wife was expecting a baby said: "It was a nightmare—I didn't do a thing right in the whole game."

Encouragement from the crowd, which can raise a player's performance to the heights, can often turn sour when he makes a mistake and shatter his confidence completely. During an international match between Scotland and Wales at Hampden Park, the Scots were awarded a penalty. George Young, the captain, motioned to Tommy Orr, a young inside-forward playing his second game for Scotland, to take the kick. Overcome by the terrific tension in the stadium, Orr made a hash of it. For the rest of the game he was continuously jeered by the crowd whenever he touched the ball.

His play deteriorated rapidly, and the Scotland team lost 1—0. Orr has never played in an international since.

Always a risk

The ever-present risk of injury means that a player might be unlucky enough to find his livelihood cut off at any moment. In the past six years the Professional Footballers' Association has paid out £44,000 in accident insurance to players who have had to leave the game through injury. A careful footballer who conserves his energies can last in the game until he reaches his middle thirties. Some, like Stanley Matthews, last longer. But such cases are rare; the average playing life of a professional footballer is seven years.

This means that the majority must look for a new job at a time when they are approaching middle age. At one Third Division club, seven members of the playing staff of twenty-seven are part-timers who combine football with another occupation; the remainder are full-time players. None of the full professionals has trained for any occupation outside football since signing on as a player. The majority of footballers worry continuously about the insecurity of their future, but few, in fact, do anything about it in their spare time.

In most Football League teams the turnover of players is considerable. Struggling clubs sometimes make wholesale changes in their playing staffs. Nine members of the Portsmouth club—which was relegated from the First Division last season and is now at the foot of the Second—were recently summoned to the manager's office and told that they were all on the transfer list.

Every professional who joins a Football League club must sign a contract which weighs heavily in the club's favour. A player's engagement lasts for only one season. He is paid anything from £8-£20 a week—plus a small bonus for a win or draw—according to the club's assessment of his ability. About a quarter of the Football League professionals are currently receiving the maximum rate.

When the season is over, the club management decides whether to offer the player terms for the following year. He may be offered better or worse wages—or he may be put on the transfer list. Provided he has been offered the minimum terms the player cannot seek re-employment by another club. Alf Stokes was offered the minimum terms by his club, Tottenham, last season. Soon afterwards he was sold to Fulham for £10,000.

A Second Division club, Brighton, was recently involved in a dispute with one of its players, Syd Ellis. At the end of last season, Ellis refused the terms offered by the club, which he claimed meant a drop of £7 a week in salary. Later, he was transferred to a non-League club, Guildford. Yet a few years ago Ellis was an established member of the Charlton team who had played for the England "B" eleven.

'Low social status'

Jimmy Hill, the Fulham player who is chairman of the P.F.A., considers that football is only worthwhile as a career to the small percentage of players who reach the top grade.

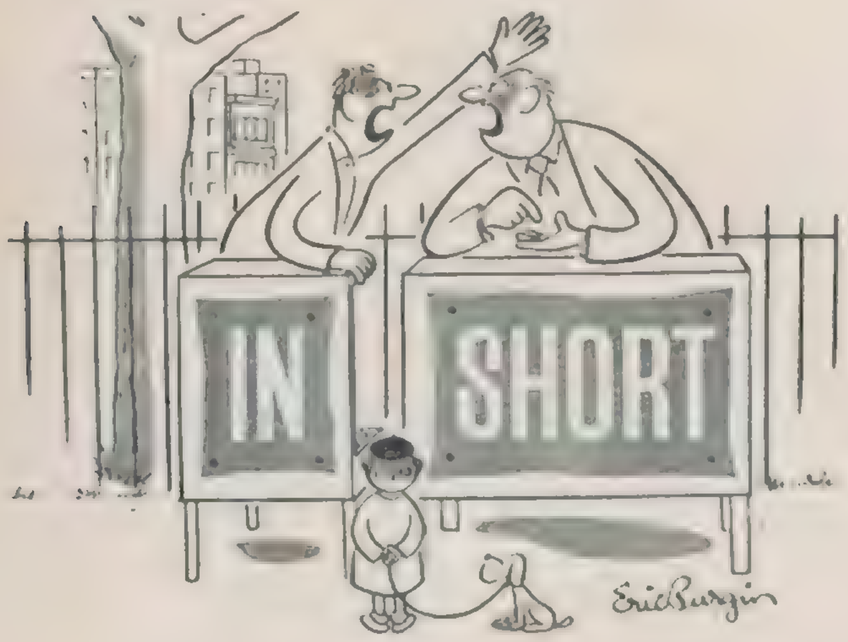
"The social status of the footballer is very low," he says. "People in other walks of life expect him to be a semi-moron off the field."

Hill considers that compared with other public entertainers, the footballer is at a disadvantage. "He has to contend with an opponent who is determined to ruin his performance. If the ball doesn't run for him and he plays badly, his manager and the public will be quick to tell him so. If he plays well, everybody will expect it of him."

Despite these setbacks, life can be comfortable, varied and prosperous for the handful of international stars who fight their way to the top, and know how to stay there. Their ordinary football income is inflated by payments for occasional journalism, advertising, personal appearances, benefit matches, television and radio interviews, and close season coaching engagements.

For these top performers the game itself has many compensations. During a match with Luton last January, Tommy Docherty, the Arsenal half-back who has played twenty-five times for Scotland, committed a foul on Alan Brown, an old colleague, and was cautioned. As the teams left the field after the match, Docherty was involved in a heated exchange with the referee. He was later suspended for a fortnight by an F.A. disciplinary committee. Docherty appealed against his punishment and was granted a personal hearing. "It was a waste of time," he says.

The suspension cost him £48 in appeal costs and wages. Within a few days he had received a total of £110 from sympathetic fans. THE END



English At Oh! Level

Boundary....*Hideout for cads.*
Marquetry....*Art of buying on the cheap.*
Cajole....*Bank manager's office.*
Diarist....*Dreadfully sprained lower forearm.*
Invoice....*Time, gentlemen, please!*
Discontent....*Blissful record playing*
Extradition....*Late evening newspaper.*
Syntax....*Levy on loose living.*
Protein....*On the side of youth.*
Debunk....*Tip out of bed.*
Heirloom....*Machine for weaving cloth from dog clippings.*
Inkling....*Small printer.*

RONALD A. SLINN

Steam-engine Sally

Had I ever heard of a vehicle impersonator, said Sally, because she was an expert. It was her two-year-old, Sally explained; to get him to wash his hands she'd found it paid to be a Chuffer Chuff Chuff Hoot Hoot, trailing a towel behind her for the carriages. For sitting up at table, Brrm Brrm Brrm Poop Poop did wonders, and for rests she was a bus, snoring—Grrrrm, Grrrrm, which was quite hard on the tonsils.

When her vocal chords had toughened up, Sally said, she added a ship, Mmmmmmmmm Whoooo Whoooo, for bath-time, and a helicopter, which she would spare me, it being particularly nerve-racking to hear and to perform; also a bicycle, Ding Ding Ding, a lorry, like a car but lower—and a steamroller, Galumpher Galumpher Sssssssss.

If his mind was really set, she said, it took a combination of two or three to soften him up, and some tricky operations needed the whole works.

Like yesterday, when she heard him banging the paint off the kitchen door with his wheelbarrow. Sally yelled to him to Come Along, Chuffer Chuff Hoot, Ding Ding Ding, Brrm Brrm Poop Poop, Grrrrrrrr, Mmmmmmmmmm Whooo Whoooooo, Galumpher Galumpher Sssssssss. She was working up to full crescendo as a helicopter when she looked through the hatch and saw it wasn't her child at all but the man with the greengroceries, his mouth open.

Sally said she went as red as a Tube train, and if there'd been a tunnel handy she'd have whoosh-whooshed into it.

DAPHNE BOUTWOOD

Appointment

Although I have need of a filling at once,
The dentist can't take me, he says, for six months.
And I'm disappointed, incredulous, peeved,
Indignant, impatient and, frankly, relieved.

RICHARD ARMOUR

And Now A Word From . . .

"Well, Miss Lyne, what does it feel like being the town's first policewoman?"

"It makes me giggle."

"Do you think your colleagues are going to be easy to get on with?"

"Much too easy. That Sergeant Walker—really!"

"Do you think they are introducing policewomen here because we have a lot of female crooks?"

"I think it's mainly to keep the policemen happy. They're always threatening to resign and become bookmakers."

"Do you feel confident you could tackle a man?"

"Except Sergeant Walker. He knows judo, too."

"Are you likely to become the town's first woman detective?"

"Well, I might be able to keep the men happier in plain clothes than in uniform."

"What did you find the most interesting part of your training?"

"Mixed artificial respiration."

"Have you any piece of advice for a girl who wants to join the Force?"

"Take care of the constables and the crooks will take care of themselves."

HOWARD BROOKES

Sleeping Dog

Whimpering and growling when doggy dreams puzzle,
Lost to the world from his tail tip to muzzle;
Stretched at his ease in the fire's kind heat,
Body pressed close to his loved master's feet;
Deaf to the clatter and bustle and talk—
Till somebody whispers that magic word, "Walk?"

NOEL SCOTT

BRACEGIRDLE and the high tower

by THURMAN WARRINER

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

She was a girl with a past, but he was determined to safeguard her future. That was why he had to take such a desperate gamble

Bracegirdle was worried by Daphne's manner. Clearly she was on the edge of some kind of breakdown

INSPECTOR BRACEGIRDLE folded the single heavy sheet and slid it back into the envelope as Sergeant Strake came into the office. There were times when Strake's non-romantic outlook and rank orthodoxy seemed slightly repugnant to the inspector.

But Strake didn't miss much. "Classy envelope for you this morning, guvnor," he said, his flat face dead-pan.

"It came from classy people," Bracegirdle replied.

"I'd one from the electricity. Within seven days or else. They're classy too. . . . Never given me no grace since I booked the manager for backing down Church Lane, which is one-way, at midnight with no lights on, smelling like a brewery and singing 'Father Knew Lloyd George. . . .'"

Strake broke off, suspecting that Inspector Bracegirdle was not quite with him. In that, he was correct. The envelope and its contents had taken Bracegirdle back to that morning last June when Daphne Anderson came into his office with a very different letter and her strange story. And of those few words he had had with the coroner which suddenly made sense out of the whole thing. . . .

Seeing Daphne that morning, Bracegirdle had reflected that some women, at thirty, look as if they have never been girls at all, while others carry their youthful grace through life. Daphne Anderson was one of the latter. Her softly-rounded curves seemed only a little way removed from girlish charm. Only her eyes were old.

"How many of these letters have you received, Mrs. Anderson?" he asked.

"Three," she said, "but this is the only one I kept. I wouldn't have told you, but—but I know you're a personal friend of Adrian's, and if I go away, even if I'm driven to—to do anything stupidly final, I wanted you to know *why*, so that you can tell him some day."

Bracegirdle eyed her, feeling that something was emphatically wrong, but quite unable to put his finger on it.

"Or perhaps I can't expect your help," the girl went on. "I know that people like me are—are outside the pale to the police."

"You're wrong there, Mrs. Anderson," Bracegirdle said, "if by that you

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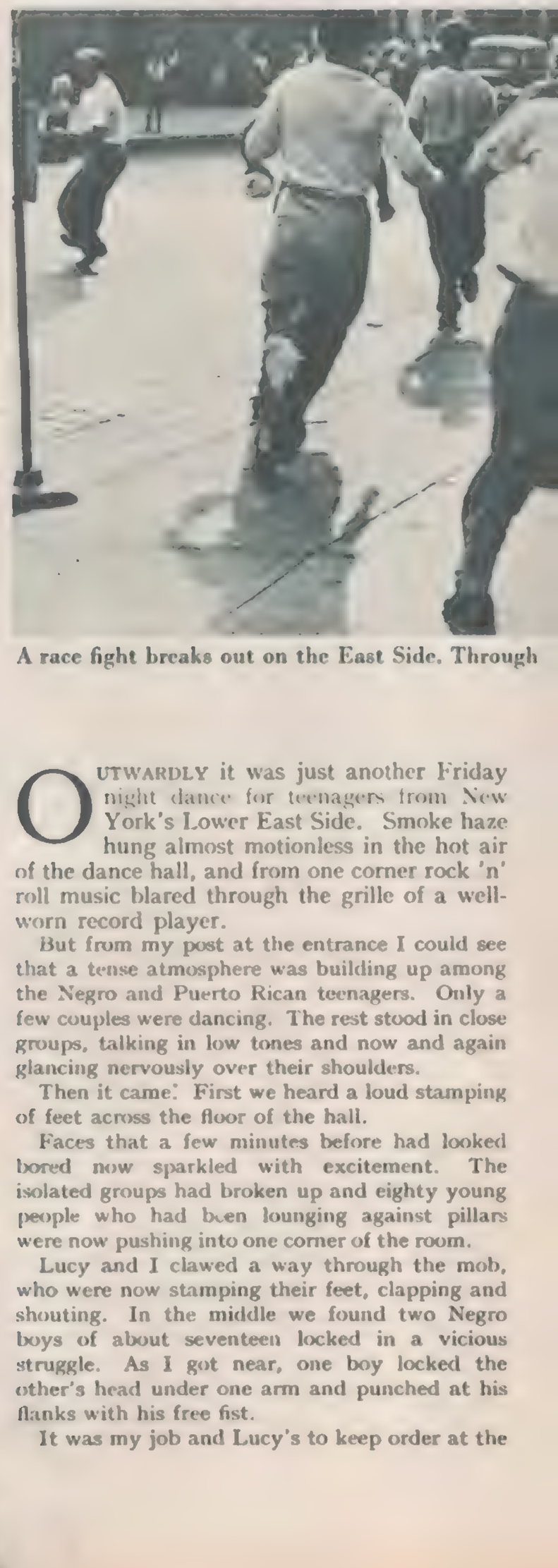
MY EAST SIDE STORY

SALLY MOON went to work in New York's worst slums. Her job was coping with the Dragons and the Sportsmen, dreaded gangs of teenage hoodlums with a love of violence—and dope



A race fight breaks out on the East Side. Through

OUTWARDLY it was just another Friday night dance for teenagers from New York's Lower East Side. Smoke haze hung almost motionless in the hot air of the dance hall, and from one corner rock 'n' roll music blared through the grille of a well-worn record player.

But from my post at the entrance I could see that a tense atmosphere was building up among the Negro and Puerto Rican teenagers. Only a few couples were dancing. The rest stood in close groups, talking in low tones and now and again glancing nervously over their shoulders.

Then it came. First we heard a loud stamping of feet across the floor of the hall.

Faces that a few minutes before had looked bored now sparkled with excitement. The isolated groups had broken up and eighty young people who had been lounging against pillars were now pushing into one corner of the room.

Lucy and I clawed a way through the mob, who were now stamping their feet, clapping and shouting. In the middle we found two Negro boys of about seventeen locked in a vicious struggle. As I got near, one boy locked the other's head under one arm and punched at his flanks with his free fist.

It was my job and Lucy's to keep order at the

Not ordinary teenagers, but the notorious Dracula (left) and the Umbrella Man. They led an attack which resulted in two deaths

baking streets the youngsters carry the battle

Teenaged Sally Moon, formerly an art student, with some of her younger charges at the settlement. Now she is back home in London

dances. I laid hold of one boy's shoulders. His shirt was wet with sweat. He shrugged me off, violently.

For a moment I floundered among the screaming crowd; then I went forward and grabbed him again. This time I gripped his right arm and heaved with all my strength until I had it twisted up his back. At the same time I saw Lucy had hold of the other boy.

I got my boy moving through the crowd. I led him out of the hall, and the noise of music and shouting faded behind us.

He was wild with anger. He waved his arms in the air and gabbled incoherent explanations of his reasons for fighting. Then, as his anger subsided, he said: "That guy tried to steal my girl. Nobody ain't gonna do that to me, man."

I calmed him down

There was nothing much I could say about that.

"Well, let's have no more fighting, that's all," I said. "Any more and you leave the dance."

Calmer now, he smiled.

"Okay, doll," he said. And he sauntered back into the hall, where his friends crowded round him, singing his praises and no doubt sowing the seeds for a continuation of the fight on another day.

The dance hall belonged to the Henry Street Settlement in the Lower East Side of New York, where I lived and worked for three months last summer. I was nineteen, one of five Britons who went to the United States under a scheme which gives young British students the opportunity of working with social agencies in New York. We were called the Clayton Volunteers, after "Tubby" Clayton, a pioneer of the scheme.

The melting-pot jungle

New Yorkers often describe the Lower East Side as the melting pot of America. Poor Negro families who have lived there for decades have been joined in the last few years by thousands of Puerto Ricans, who pour into the United States to seek work. The district also has Italians, Greeks, and a large Jewish community. Some live in modern flats, but countless thousands are forced to exist in streets of overcrowded tenement buildings with a network of iron fire escapes spread over the outside walls.

For decades the district has been the home of New York's Dead End Kids. Today, with the clash of nationalities superimposed on the old slum conditions, teenage gangs are organized like primitive warring tribes, and the members are ready to kill to uphold the gang's honour.

I was nervous of the district's reputation when I first arrived. On my second day I was walking back to the settlement when I stopped for a while to laugh at the antics of children who were trying to keep themselves cool in a side street. The fire department had turned on a street hydrant so that a strong jet of water sprayed across the street, and the children were dashing in and out of it.

I turned to walk on. Then two hefty Puerto Rican youths grabbed me. One snatched away my handbag. He said to his friend: "See, man, does she have a watch."

I thought they were robbing me, out on the open street. Then they dragged me into the side road. The one holding my watch and bag turned the hydrant to its fullest power. The other boy dragged me through the stream of water.

My blouse and skirt were as wet as if I had fallen into a lake. Collapsing with laughter, the boys handed me my watch and bag, which they had removed in order to prevent their being damaged. Then they allowed me to slop my way into the settlement.

The Lower East Side has an atmosphere that would be hard to match anywhere in the world. Men and women sit in doorways, on steps, and even on the sidewalk. Before long I found myself sitting, quite naturally, on a doorstep while I talked to some of the teenagers and tried to discover their views on life. Old men sit outside playing dominoes or cards.

Everywhere there are children. They lie asleep on the steps, skip, throw balls against the buildings. Their parents can spare little money for toys, and the children have a genius for drawing the maximum enjoyment from useless objects.

Home in the tenement

Soon after I arrived I had to call on the parents of a small boy who was joining others in a summer camp the settlement was organizing. I picked my way past overflowing dustbins on the sidewalk and through a litter of old newspapers, wisps of straw and rotting cabbage leaves that lay in the hallway of the tenement in which the boy lived.

The boy's father, a Puerto Rican, was an alcoholic; his mother a pathetic, drab creature. They lived with their three children in two rooms. The living-room held a plain wooden table and broken chairs, and there was a mattress on the floor in one corner. The place was lacking in cupboards, and clothing seemed to be hanging everywhere. Washing hung on a string over the sink, which was served by a single cold water tap.

In the same room there was a gas cooker, a bath covered with boards to make an extra table surface, and a brand-new refrigerator, a vital necessity in the heat of a New York summer. Religious pictures and family photographs hung from the cracked, damp walls. There were no

Lovely gift ideas for everyone!

Look in your shop for Week-End in attractive fancy boxes, 2 lb. for 14/- . . . or in the regular ½ lb. and 1 lb. packs with seasonal wrappers, 2/9 and 5/6.

Good things to eat are a part of Christmas

Be sure your family enjoys one of the finest treats of all this Christmas—a box of Week-End assortment. Made from wholesome butter, nuts, fruits, chocolate and honey. Everyone, from Grandpas to Grandchildren, loves this delightful selection . . . . made by Mackintosh's.

Mackintosh's
WEEK-END
for Christmas

ORANGE FRUIT JELLY The true-fruit orange flavour in a firm clear jelly.

CHOCOLATE CHERRY CUP A cherry-and-cream centre in bitter-sweet chocolate.

MARZIPAN AND ALMOND FOUREE Rich smooth marzipan topped with a crisp frosted almond.

NOUGAT FUDGE SANDWICH Nougat, nuts and cherries between layers of creamy fudge.

My East Side story

continued from page 15

carpets and no curtains, only an old venetian blind on the small window.

I got the parents to sign the necessary papers to allow the boy to go to camp.

I found that the boy had not the minimum amount of clothing that he would need while he was away, so I arranged for the settlement to provide what was missing.

The gangs marked off a few miserable streets for their own "territory," and jealously guarded them. The two gangs nearest to the settlement were the Dragons (led by Puerto Ricans but containing some Negroes) and the Sportsmen (Negro-led, but with a few Puerto Rican members). A wall opposite the settlement was daubed with the white-painted words: "Dragons Keep Out."

Trespass means death

A few streets away, another wall-slogan proclaimed: "Sportsmen Keep Away—Dragon Territory." The notices were meant to be taken seriously, and at times the penalty for trespass could be death.

The two gangs' territories were divided by Avenue D. Each gang had a "president" at its head, a boy chosen for his "rep" (reputation). This might be a prison record, or an undetected stabbing to his name; a scar on his face or body from a knife-fight is a good qualification.

Each gang had senior, junior and midget sections. Most of the fighting was done by the seniors, and social workers aim their efforts at the juniors and midgets in the hope of changing the pattern before they graduate into the top strata.

An uneasy peace reigned between the Dragons and the Sportsmen when I arrived.

The leaders had met and called a truce—a "cool" was their word.

It was at settlement dances that I met the teenage gangsters and their girls, who were known as "debs," wore jackets bearing the gang's initials and sometimes went in for all-female street battles on their own account.

Gathered in the dance hall, they were a colourful lot. Many of the boys wore Paisley shirts, trousers that ended short enough to reveal coloured or striped socks, and white sneakers. Outside they wore very long black unbelted raincoats. On their heads some wore Tyrolean hats banded by white cord, always with the brim turned down all round; others wore Italian peaked caps made of straw. Every boy had a large medallion on his chest, hanging from a chain or a string round his neck.

The girls wore boxy, flowered-print blouses, with either a tight skirt or a white pleated skirt, worn very short. Almost all wore soft black leather boots.

My job at the dances was usually to prevent anybody from going up the fire escape to the roof (they liked to throw bottles on people in the street below), to disperse excited crowds and to stop the girls from smoking marijuana.

The girls collected in the cloakroom to smoke the drugged cigarettes which the boys passed round. Afterwards the cloakroom smelled as if incense had been burned there.

Their effect was unpredictable. One evening a girl collapsed in the dance hall.

I asked her friend: "What's the trouble?"

"I don't know," she said.

"Has she been drinking?"

"No."

"Smoking?"

The girl knew I didn't mean tobacco. She looked at me. "Yes," she admitted. "Yes, she has."

For a time the drugged girl was unable to speak or walk. She was extremely hot. When she recovered a little, her friend took her home.

The 'cool' hots up

The drug turned others quite silly. One day a Negro boy addict came up to me and said: "How are you?"

I said: "Quite well, thank you."

He lay down and rolled about, laughing. From the floor he kept urging me to speak.

"Man," he gasped. "Man, she talks real fancy."

The "cool" between the gangs did not last long. One night there was a strained atmosphere in the hall. Hardly anybody danced. Early in the evening there were two fights, one between two boys and one between two girls, who pulled each other's hair and cursed.

Then another fight began between two boys. The crowd near them surged against the flimsy screen around the kitchen.

Suddenly the situation became ugly. Boys grabbed bottles from the kitchen shelves and smashed the ends off them.

Lucy and I and a social worker called Bob pushed into the crowd. I grabbed one of the fighters, a usually peaceable Negro boy called John Simmonds. While I held him, somebody jabbed his arm with a broken bottle.

This happened on a Friday. On the Saturday evening there was a riot at a dance run by another settlement. On the Sunday, just around the corner in Avenue D, fifteen-year-old Theresa Gee, whom I had often seen at our dances, was shot dead.

The "cool" was over, and war was on between the gangs. Another boy was stabbed to death and Julio, a fourteen-year-old boy I knew well, died later in hospital of stab wounds. Uptown, in a place known as Hell's Playground, two boys were stabbed by a youth known as Dracula, who wore a black cape and buckled shoes. His accomplice, the "Umbrella Man," wielded an umbrella in the fight.

Gang armourers began putting together zip-guns, made from sawn-off car radio aerials with a firing-pin driven home by a rubber band cut from an inner tube.

Just before I left the Lower East Side to return to England, I went out to a corner shop for a newspaper. The whole of the front page was taken up with a picture of two teenage corpses, the latest victims of the gang war.

On my way back to the settlement I saw a boy called Ruby sitting on a doorstep. I knew that Ruby, who worked in a local grocery store, stood high in the Dragons' organization. I sat on the step beside him.

"Why do you fight and kill each other?" I asked him.

"What do I have to lose?" he said. "I'm gonna stay right down here all of my life. There ain't no place else I can go. If I get killed in a fight, so I get killed. I ain't afraid to die, man."

The gang war was still being waged when I left New York. Perhaps it is too late to save the older boys from their vicious game. But the Henry Street Settlement and other social agencies are working hard with the younger children, hoping to guide them away from gang life. In the teeming streets of the Lower East Side, these tireless workers have a hard, thankless task ahead of them. THE END

Arrested during a forty-strong gang battle, these New York boys were found to be wearing aluminium plates to protect themselves from injury

The mating game

continued from page 10

business and just haven't time or opportunity for an adequate social life. Or it might be that they have been in a little circle and suddenly the circle has broken up. That's a very common occurrence."

"Do you get many well-known people?"

"Quite a few. We always laugh when we see in the papers that some politician or other is getting married. Where did they meet? At a cocktail party. Never a hint that someone in Bond Street jolly well saw to it that they did meet at that cocktail party.

"There's no credit in this business," said Miss Jenner, jangling all over in mock despair.

"Do politicians pose special difficulties?"

"No. They *were* a bit of a headache at one time—when the parliamentary majority was very small. You just couldn't get them out of the House in case there was a vote. So little *tête-à-têtes* had to be fixed up on the terrace. Not that that led anywhere very fast. After all," said the proprietor of Marriages Ltd., shrewdly, "how far can a girl get if the damned division bell keeps going off like a fire alarm all during tea?"

This was an aspect of the problems of love that had not occurred to an outsider. I said: "How far is opportunity a factor in marriage?"

"A big one. Circumstances have to be just right."

"How about this theory of 'the only love'?"

"Well, now," said Miss Jenner, smiling blandly down at the yellow stone on her finger, "I think Johnson was pretty shrewd there. He said: 'Any man can be happy with any woman if he puts his mind to it.' I doubt if that's entirely true. But I do believe that a certain percentage of people would be happy with pretty well anyone, a certain percentage utterly miserable with anyone, and that in between there's a big percentage who would be happy with quite a *lot*.

"But I'm not a good judge, you know. I mean, the thing that binds them together—the old magic—works by itself. I'm no expert on that, only on creating conditions in which it *can* work."

"Have any of your staff got married through the business?"

"No, isn't it awful? I always tell them they can meet anyone they want. But we've had a series of the most beautiful secretaries and they've all gone off and got married on their own."

"Is all the interviewing done here?"

"Most. Not all. Sometimes people are too shy to come here." She caught me looking round at the décor: the briskly functional little rooms seemed to be decorated largely with licences permitting her to practise.

"What kind of information do you get from them?"

"Well, we look for excessive shyness. We make notes about their looks, whether they're easy to talk to, their general outlook. We've got to know whether a woman minds marrying a man who's a bit older, and whether a man minds marrying a woman who's been married before and perhaps has children. Then the kind of life they want to lead—town, country or abroad. And, of course, the client's own background and circumstances."

"Do they generally tell you the truth about themselves?"

"There's not much point in doing otherwise if they want to meet the right person."

"You don't ask for a photograph?"

"No. We never have. They can be frightfully misleading. We want people to meet. Of course, if they're in different countries it's often difficult."

"Do gentlemen in your experience prefer blondes?"

"Yes, they do, very slightly. We took some figures on that. Out of an average hundred male clients, three specifically asked for blondes, two for brunettes and the rest didn't mind."

"And women? You mentioned that they might think twice about older men?"

"Yes, that's young women in their twenties. They don't as a rule want men more than three or four years older than themselves."

"What is your oldest male client?"

"We had one of eighty-four, and married him to a woman of eighty-two. They were an old butler and cook, both retired with their own little cottages. She wrote first, actually, and we said, well, we haven't quite got anybody *at the moment*—I mean, what could one say? Then about three months later the old man wrote. So we put them in touch and they got married."

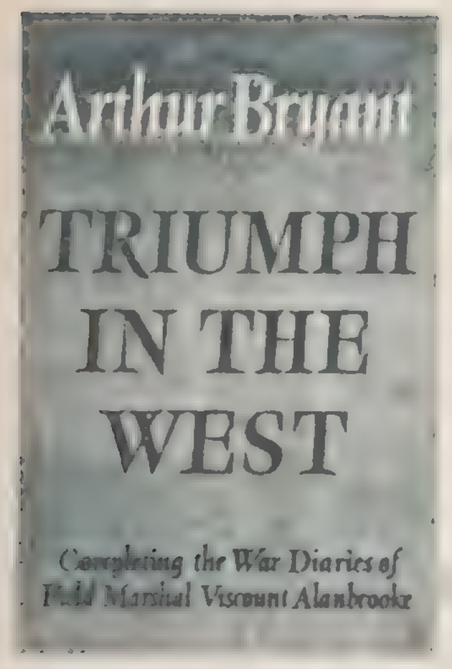
A certain amount of shuffling had been going on outside the door, and an interviewer now looked in and asked if she could have the room. We vacated it.

A somewhat luscious young woman entered, somewhat pink-cheeked and smiling uncertainly. She had golden hair, all the right statistics, and a tight red dress that did nothing to distract attention from them.

Miss Jenner ("all business private and confidential") made no comment, and I left, puzzling over the problem of what precise set of circumstances had brought this splendid creature to seek a mate up two flights of stairs in Bond Street.

A remnant of some small circle? A librarian who thought life was passing her by? And what improbable adventures awaited her? A meeting with a man who wanted to do a bit of dominating?

As Miss Jenner says, you get all kinds in Bond Street. THE END



LORD ALANBROOKE'S controversial war diaries

The day Churchill shook his fist at me

PART TWO

WITH the ending in late November, 1943, of the Big Three conference in Teheran, attended by Churchill, Roosevelt and Stalin, the Allies faced the problem of appointing a Supreme Commander for the invasion of Europe—or Operation Overlord, as it was code-named.

He was to be an American, so the final decision rested with Roosevelt. However, as soon as Teheran was over, General Sir Alan Brooke, the Chief of the Imperial General Staff, went to Cairo with Churchill, Roosevelt and the American Chiefs of Staff for talks.

Cairo had already been the scene of difficult and heated exchanges between the British and Americans; they met there with the Chinese before going to the Russians at Teheran. Even though Alanbrooke had almost come to blows with Admiral King, and during the Teheran conference had written in his diary: "I feel like entering a lunatic asylum!" he had reason to look back on recent weeks with some satisfaction.

He had won vital concessions from the Americans, especially agreement on the sore matter with the British that the victorious Allied armies, now advancing up Italy, should be encouraged to continue well past Rome, thus keeping German reserves from other fronts. Another important concession was that more time would be given to preparing for Overlord by postponing it from May 1 to May 31, 1944.

While in Cairo, Alanbrooke's diary entries began by recording a meeting with the American Chiefs of Staff to "try to sort matters out."

* * *

"December 3. Cairo. Started with a C.O.S. to try to sort matters out. We lunched with the P.M. and at 2.30 p.m. went back for our meeting with the American Chiefs of Staff.

"We were dumbfounded by being informed that the meeting must finish on Sunday at the latest (in forty-eight hours) as the President was off. No apologies—nothing! They have completely upset the whole meeting by wasting all our time with Chiang Kai-shek and Stalin before we had settled any points with them. And now they propose to disappear into the blue and leave all the main points unsettled."

December 7 began with another C.O.S. meeting. Then: "Dined with the P.M., Smuts, Dill, Portal, Cunningham, Marshall, King, Arnold, Leathers and Hollis. Eden came in as dinner was finishing. . . . P.M. in tremendous form, and Smuts charming as ever.

"During the dinner the P.M. asked us all to express our views as to when Germany would be defeated. Marshall predicted March [1945] and, if not then, November. Dill gave even money on March. I gave six-to-four on March; remainder favoured March or November.

"December 9. Cairo. Started the day by seeing Smuts off. Smuts was as charming as ever. I was very sorry to see him disappear in his silver aeroplane over the horizon. Then drove back and went on to discuss Yugoslavia and Greece with 'Jumbo' Wilson. From there I was ordered for *tête-à-tête* lunch with the P.M.

"We lunched in the garden; he was looking very tired and said he felt very flat, tired and pains across his loins. Half-way through he asked me whether I did not think I had better be made a field marshal in view of all the responsibility I was carrying! I told him there was nothing I would appreciate more when he considered I deserved it. He then said that Portal was to be made a marshal of the R.A.F. and he considered I should be a field marshal. He said he would speak to the King about it."

The C.I.G.S. has since written:

"I shall always remember that lunch as a bad nightmare. He was dressed in his grey zip suit, with zip shoes and his vast Mexican hat. We sat amongst the flower beds at a small card table and were served with an excellent lunch.

"He held a fly-whisk in his hand. After two

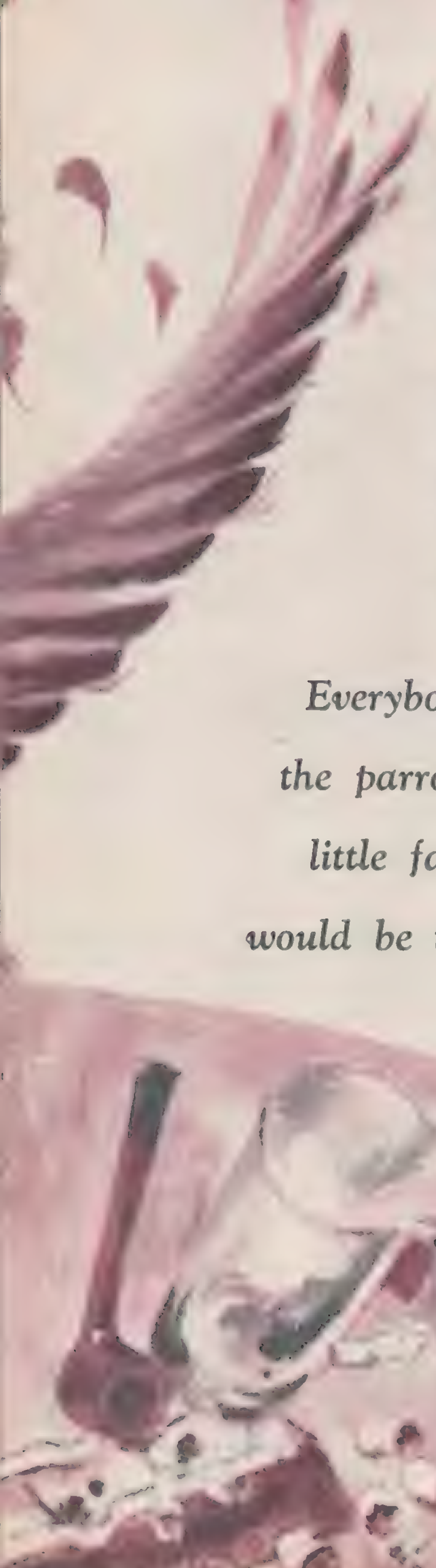
continued on page 33

Field Marshal Alanbrooke (centre) with Air Marshal Sir Charles Portal (left) and Admiral Sir Andrew Cunningham greet Churchill, back in England in January, 1944, after his illness

Winston's health was failing, and I told him he had no right to risk visiting Italy. "And what is more," I said, "Moran agrees with me." Winston rose up and said: "Don't you get in league with that bloody old man!"

With a wild squawk
Angelique sent Carpmael's
glass spinning across the
table. Carpmael's reaction was
surprisingly violent

nd to the Children



ARNOLD TERRISS was thin-faced, gently spoken, a little this side of fifty, and no great man for company. But he did have Angelique. Together they lived a blameless life in the three small rooms above and the cavernous parlour behind the little jewellery and antique shop which Arnold kept in a quiet side street off the Marylebone Road. It had not always been so, but it had been so long enough for the world, if not for Arnold Terriss, to forget that he had once found other employment for his lean-fingered, clever hands.

Angelique was a parrot of stolid disposition and uncertain years. Arnold found her the perfect companion. He had found her in a pet shop in the Caledonian Road at the close of a long period of trouble occasioned by the cleverness of his hands, and had somehow identified his own bedraggled plight with that of the bird moping sombrely behind bars. The rescue of Angelique was a celebration of his own release from similar restraint.

There was no cage now for Angelique; she had the run of the house and the shop, and her fame was widespread in the streets around. For Angelique was a great one for tricks and she loved the company of children. Few days passed without visits from local youngsters, and sometimes as a special treat Arnold would make tea for them all in the parlour and show them how cleverly Angelique could handle the sugar tongs, picking loaves from the bowl and dropping one into each cup.

The children did all the talking. Angelique uttered no word in reply. But Arnold felt that if the parrot could speak, or ever did speak, her words would be as grave and purposeful as her manner. He thought, for example, that she would always address him as Mr. Terriss and would never in any way become familiar.

THEIR evenings were never lonely. Arnold spent long hours tinkering with tiny clock and watch mechanisms—even now it was necessary to keep those clever fingers busy and out of mischief. Sometimes he read aloud to Angelique from long and wordy books, and sometimes again he would talk to her about his own children.

Alan and Elizabeth were grown-up now. He did not see them often but he knew they were doing well. So well that Arnold had quite lost the habit of worrying about them. Alan hoped to enter Parliament and would soon be fighting a by-election; Elizabeth was reading for the Bar.

They knew nothing of their father's past, and their mother, the former Mrs. Terriss, was now the wife of an eminently respectable textile magnate. Arnold himself was respectable these days and Angelique was silent as the grave on all counts. It was only when Arnold caught himself looking at his hands and flexing the long, slender fingers against the light that he ever wondered how long the calmness of his days would endure.

It endured in fact until an April day which had begun with a snowstorm and was ending with an evening of softly gilded light. Arnold was out in the street putting up his shutters but the Open sign was still on the door. A man came up the street and went into the shop. Arnold finished padlocking the shutters and followed him inside.

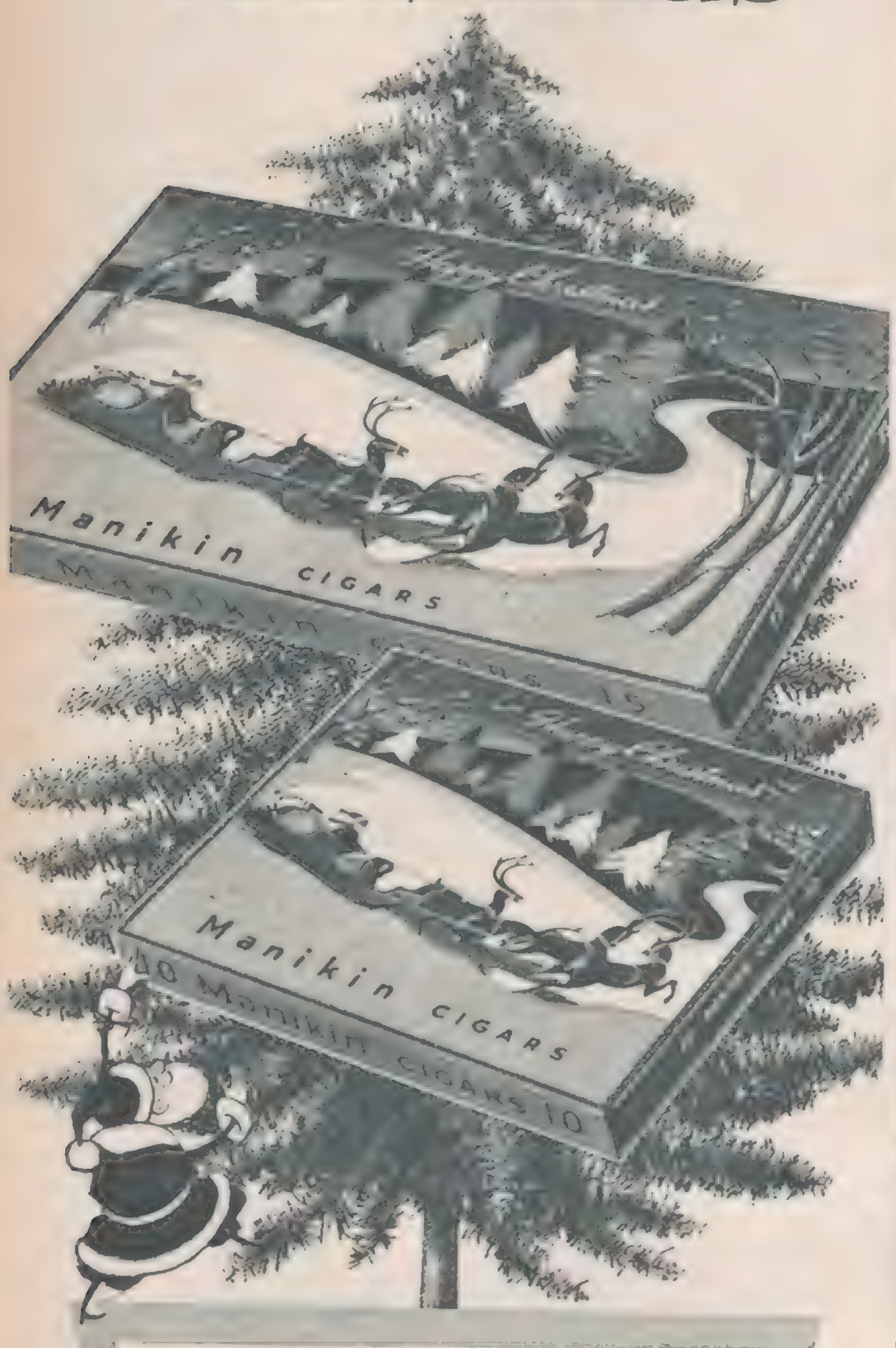
The shop was dark with the shutters closed and Arnold switched on a light over the counter. The face of the customer stirred a chord of memory and Arnold peered at him hard, vainly struggling to establish an identity. The man was short and

Everybody loved Angelique · the parrot, except the sinister little fat man. Her tricks would be the death of him . . .

by JOHN SALT

ILLUSTRATED BY OLIVER BRABBINS

Manikins make a man's Christmas



To set the seal on a man's enjoyment give him MANIKINS — the famous small cigars with the mild Havana flavour, that last for 25 minutes. MANIKINS go so well with Christmas — and Christmas goes so well, with MANIKINS!

Flat pocket tins in Gift Packs

10 for 6′11

15 for 10′4½

also in packets of 2 and 5, and boxes of 25, 50 and 100

Every Manikin cigar is 'Cellophane'-wrapped to keep it in perfect condition

A friend to the children

continued from previous page

thickset, bulkily prosperous as to hat and overcoat. His face was round and florid with a blueness about the lips, and his jowls sat fatly on a ridge of stiffened collar.

A soft hissing sound drew Arnold's attention. He glanced at Angelique. The bird's tail feathers were raised and rigid as she retreated to a corner.

Arnold looked again at his customer with a vaguely dawning alarm, memory straining. "I know you, don't I?"

The man nodded, still smiling. "I rather think you do. My card."

Arnold picked up the oblong of pasteboard and read the name Ranulf Carpmael.

Arnold gave his head a determined shake. "The name means nothing to me."

Carpmael nodded. "Ten years ago you came to me with the Wallace emeralds and told me they were worth twelve thousand pounds. As it happened I sold them for twenty. Dealer's profit, of course."

A cold hand settled around Arnold's heart. He looked at the card in his hand and again at Carpmael. "That wasn't your name in those days."

"The name has changed, the business is the same. Leopards can't change their spots, can they, Mr. Terriss? But men can change their names. Like you."

"I had to," Arnold said flatly. "I was making a new start."

Carpmael gave a rich chuckle and stared around the shop. "A new start, and this is it. Well, you always had an eye for pretty things and a flair for laying your hands on them."

ANXIETY—I

Anxiety never yet successfully bridged any chasm.

Ruffini

Arnold's alarm had gone, now his patience vanished too. "What do you want?" he demanded.

Carpmael gave him a hard look, then laughed again. "To talk, just to talk, about the past and the future. But not here. Is there somewhere else?"

Arnold came out from behind the counter and turned the key in the shop door. "This way," he said shortly and led the way to the parlour. Angelique passed them, half-flying, half-scuttling along the ground. Carpmael jerked away from her and beat at the air. "Keep that damned parrot off me," he complained. "Don't they carry some disease or other? I thought they were illegal over here." He sat himself down in a chair by the fire without invitation.

"Fancy you doing something illegal at your time of life, Mr. Lumley, Rogers, Terriss, whatever you call yourself these days."

Arnold remained standing. "Terriss is the name, I've forgotten the others ten years since."

Carpmael said judicially: "I'll stick to Lumley." He pulled out a flat leather case and offered it to Arnold. "Cigar?"

The shopkeeper declined. Carpmael selected one at leisure, making a business of piercing the end and lighting up. Arnold noticed that tiny beads of perspiration had formed on the man's forehead and in the creases on each side of his nose. The face was redder than before and the lips more blue.

Arnold sat down and leaned forward, hands fiercely gripping his knees. "Well, let's have it, what do you want?" he insisted.

"Friendship, that's what. I've been out of the country. Had a spot of bother in South Africa and stayed longer than I meant. The authorities were pressing. You know how it is."

Arnold knew only too well. He went very pale and Angelique crept to the lee of his chair. Together the two friends stared at their tormentor.

Carpmael flicked cigar ash into the coal bucket. "When I came back I said to myself I'll look up my old pal, Lumley. You took a little finding, then I ran into a friend on the boat and he helped me do some back-tracking. And here I am, as you see me."

"I wish I didn't," Arnold told him bitterly. "I think you had better go."

"None of that, Lumley," the words came like a lash. "You just sit there and listen, I'll tell you when to talk. How long have you had this shop?"

"Seven or eight years, about."

"Fine, and a good name in the district, I'll be bound. You're crafty enough for that. I tell you, Lumley, this gets better and better. This is just the berth I've been looking for, somewhere safe to put the stuff. We'll make our fortunes between us."

By now Arnold was finding difficulty in articulation: "You've got to understand. I've finished with all that."

Carpmael's smile returned. "Not you. In fact you've hardly begun. I've got the job of all jobs lined up for you, you could do it in your sleep. Make no mistake, you're back in business."

Arnold put a hand down and picked up Angelique. He answered calmly: "It was all a long time ago. You can't tempt me now."

Carpmael was undisturbed. "I'm not tempting you, I'm telling you."

Arnold shook his head. "I don't follow you."

"Be patient, you will, soon."

"I can't stop you talking."

Carpmael laid down his cigar and gave Arnold a quizzical glance. "You know that's very true," he remarked. "Now listen to me. I know where we can pick up fifty thousand pounds in used currency notes, all as easy as kiss your hand. I've got the best team in the business, everything is arranged. We do the bust a week from tonight. But I'm short of a man."

"Me?"

"Exactly so, Lumley, you. You were born for this one. I don't think there's another in the game who could pull it off. But for you that strong-room door would swing open of its own accord. You get twenty-five per cent."

Arnold fondled the parrot and stared hard at the carpet. "You could get out or I could throw you out," he said.

Carpmael stood up and put his back to the fire. "You make me very tired," he said. "Listen, Lumley. I didn't spend the whole of that time fixing up this job and looking for you."

The cold hand gripped again at Arnold's heart. "What else did you do?"

Carpmael snarled: "What else? I found your wife and kids, that's what."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I'll tell you. You were always soft, Lumley. You had a fortune in your fingers but you were built for a schoolmaster not a safebreaker. Your wife had more sense. She lived on you while the going was easy and when you were pinched she levanted with somebody else who could support her in the manner to which you had accustomed her. You let her divorce you and you let her have the children. In return she kept her mouth shut. You came out and started living your little musical life here with that bag of skin and feather you call a parrot and everybody was happy. But not any more, I'm here to tell you that. Get back into harness with me or I'll blow the gaff."

Arnold said firmly again: "It's all in the past and I've paid for it. There's nothing you can do to me now."

"I wasn't thinking about you, Lumley. But your boy wants to get into Parliament and your girl wants to get into the law. Above all, your wife wants to stay quiet with her lawful-wedded. How much good do you suppose it's going to do them all if I start passing the word in the right quarters?"

Arnold stood up with Angelique still

continued on page 29

With their own hands the Warrens converted a broken-down barn into a comfortable home for the family

The house as it was (above), and as it is now. The old roof line, with its odd, upturned ends is preserved, and new windows give more light. A garage replaces a wooden store-room. The heavy studs on the front door were taken from an old gate. Now the family is busy perfecting the front garden

Making the Warrens' dreamhouse is

A FAMILY AFFAIR

by Roger Smithells

The new wing. Mr. Warren puts the finishing touches to a window frame, while Mrs. Warren arranges flowers in a vase. The active figure in the background is Michael. From the big kitchen window, which is behind the ladder, there is a wonderful view over wooded valleys. The old bricks used for the extension blend well with the older part of the house. The flat roof of the extension is covered with two coats of Ruberoid, tar and sand

"I CAN tell you that the people concerned were thought to be mad to purchase the old cottage and stables. Now they have a small mansion which is the envy of their friends. . . ." This sentence, in a chatty letter from a reader of JOHN BULL, caught my notice. The writer went on to describe a conversion which the Warren family had carried out with their own hands and suggested that other readers might like to hear about it.

I thought so, too. So I motored down to a corner of Surrey between Guildford and Dorking and found, at the top of a steep, bumpy lane, the friendly brick and boarded front of Round Down Farm. Behind the house was a leafy copse and, to the south, superb views over a wooded Surrey valley.

The Warrens are a family of four: Mr. Warren—he is a jobbing builder—his wife, their daughter, Rosemary, and son, Michael, who is a quantity surveyor at the moment doing his national service in Germany. Feeling restless after the war, the family emigrated to South Africa only to find labour regulations and living conditions more tricky and less pleasant than here. So they returned to settle in a London suburb, where Mr. Warren again built up his business from scratch. But Africa had changed the Warrens' perspective. Now they felt hemmed in by suburban life, so Mr. Warren made the big decision to abandon

A family affair

continued from previous page

his building repair work, move into the country and start a chicken farm.

The search for a country home began.

Going for a drive one Sunday, Mr. Warren decided to look at a property that he had seen advertised with a few acres of land. Mrs. Warren was not at all interested, until after about fifteen minutes, Michael came racing back to the car, eyes alight. "We must have it, Mother," he said. "We must."

Wonderful views

You can see how it looked from the photograph they took on that first day. The coach-house and cottage were part of an estate which was being split up. The surroundings were lovely, and there was plenty of room for the chickens.

The house, as it was, consisted of the coach house with its big double doors, a hay loft and many outbuildings, mostly wooden and rotten. The cottage was attached to the coach-house, with two down and three up, only one tap and no mod. con. The agent's description was "primitive."

There was a lot to be done before it could become habitable. The outside was weatherboarded and infested with dry rot and woodworm. A condition of sale was that building must not be pulled down, nor could the outline of the front be altered. With these limitations in mind, Michael undertook to plan the conversion, and redesign the inside of the house.

He also planned an extension to take the place of the derelict outbuildings at the back.

The plans were approved by the authorities and Mr. Warren took over as organizer. He issued instructions to the family, who were his only helpers, apart from one local bricklayer. To keep the new constructions in character with the old, he bought 18,000 reclaimed bricks, and second-hand timber from demolition sites, to replace worm-eaten joists and support the new section of roof.

Using second-hand materials proved a great money-saver as well as helping to keep the mature look of the house.

The first steps were to lay the foundations for the extension at the back which was to contain the kitchen, one bedroom and the bathroom. Mrs. Warren's, Rosemary's and Michael's were the willing hands which mixed the concrete and handed up bricks for the building. Then the family set about repairing the old part of the house. They removed the old weatherboarding, and replaced it on the top half of the house with natural elm boarding, as you can see in the photographs.

Then they took the wise precaution of insulating the whole house with fibre-glass blanket. Cottage walls are seldom thick, and a barrier of fibre-glass keeps out most of the cold, and lowers winter heating costs considerably. Over the fibreglass inside, they fitted plasterboard, as a basis for decorations. Mr. Warren enlarged the existing window openings, made new frames himself, and fitted metal windows.

Flow of warm air

The kitchen in the new extension has a wonderful view into the copse, and over the valley with an extra-wide window to see it through. The bathroom above shares the view, and incorporates one of Michael's many good ideas: a grille in the side of the airing cupboard circulates warm air into the bathroom itself, thus solving the winter heating problem. The dining-room has an illuminated ceiling.

The Warrens have lived at Round Down Farm for just over a year. When they moved in, there was no roof and the rain poured in. But a year's hard team work and family enthusiasm have turned the shell of a coach house into a happy, pretty home.

There is plenty of work still to be done: the kitchen is unfinished, so is the garden. But as it stands, Round Down Farm is a proud achievement for the family. People who have seen the results are now asking Mr. Warren to carry out similar conversion work on other neighbouring properties. Building has begun, and the chickens have been forgotten for the time being. And how does Mrs. Warren feel about life in the country after the bus services and supermarkets of the suburbs? "We love it," she says. "We shan't be going back." THE END

In the sitting-room the family relaxes. They are all keen gardeners, and the mass of flowers in the room are all home grown. The stone fireplace with its oak mantelpiece was built by Mr. Warren, out of stone and bricks left over from the walls. The alcove to the right used to house the water cylinder. The walls are pale lilac and the woodwork is white. The buff-coloured carpet tones in well with the flowered-chintz curtains

Bracegirdle and the high tower

continued from page 13

mean that the substance of this letter is correct and you have at some time served a term of imprisonment."

"It's quite correct," Daphne Anderson told him in a low, bitter voice.

"It would help if you could bring yourself to tell me the circumstances," Bracegirdle said.

Daphne Anderson began to explain. . . .

HER parents, she told him, were quite well-to-do—they owned a store in a small town thirty miles south of London. Neither of them had approved of Gerry Anderson. Her father, in fact, had pointedly ignored Gerry's existence up to the time of his own death a few years ago, and her mother had carried on the enmity to the best of her ability."

"They were right about Gerry, of course," Daphne Anderson said. "He'd all the charm in the world, but—well, have you ever noticed how often charm seems to go with dreadful things?"

Bracegirdle nodded.

"They wouldn't help even when he was taken ill. But I suffered because of the way they acted, far more than Gerry did. We were the real victims—Peter and me."

"Peter?"

"Our little boy." Her mouth quivered. "It was touch and go with Gerry for months. Something he'd picked up in Burma that kept coming back. I had to find something to do, so I got a job as cashier with a local firm.

"I asked my mother to help, but she wouldn't. I mean she wouldn't give me money because that would have helped Gerry indirectly. She would take me out for expensive meals and buy me things I didn't even need, but that was all. The—the trouble came when I'd pleaded with her, and she had half-promised that she would let me have a hundred pounds. I felt so sure of it that I—I borrowed it from the firm's money."

"It's so easy," Bracegirdle said. "Tragically easy. . . . But surely a prosecution could have been avoided?"

She smiled, a ghostly smile. "It was an old firm. But they'd been taken over by a London company, and I meant nothing to them. The same thing had happened elsewhere, and they had to draw the line somewhere."

Bracegirdle waited.

"When I came home, Gerry wasn't there. He'd recovered quite a lot. Enough to leave with another woman."

"And your mother?"

"I haven't seen her since."

Bracegirdle turned from the window and poured more tea. She took it with a murmur of thanks. "And Peter, our little boy, was killed in a road accident the following week."

Bracegirdle's lean face tightened. "All this happened. . . ?"

"Three years ago."

"When did you come to Holtrigg?"

"Last September. I saw Adrian's advertisement. I'd taken a secretarial course, but somehow I hadn't been able to get a post. But Adrian didn't even ask for references."

"Industrial Tubeworks is a good firm," Bracegirdle agreed. "One of the oldest in the town. And so Adrian Stanley asked you to marry him? He's a good fellow."

"He's the most wonderful man in the world," Daphne Anderson said, quietly.

Bracegirdle smiles. "No doubt he would be very glad you think so. By the way, how do you get along with his sister?"

"Ruth? She's been absolutely kind to me. I never expected that, because she's taken care of Adrian for so long. She won't even consent to stay on at Moorholme."

The inspector turned over the envelope she had given him. "Posted in Northfield on the thirteenth . . . a week ago last Sunday. Are you friendly with anyone who lives in Northfield?"

A second's hesitation. "I've friends there, yes. I was staying with them when I saw Adrian's advertisement."

"Would you suspect them?"

"Oh *no*! They're incapable of it."

"I'd like their names and address, just the same."

She wrote, reluctantly, frowning at the sheet. "It isn't that I expect you or even want you to find out who sent the letter," she said. "Even if you *could* do that, what would it mean? Someone prosecuted, with me as Mrs. X. And everyone knowing who Mrs. X really is."

"Then why tell me the story?"

"Because I'm going away. This time to some place where no one knows me. I wanted someone to know, so that Adrian would understand."

Bracegirdle sat down behind the desk.

"Mrs. Anderson," he said, "why not tell the whole story to Adrian Stanley."

She seemed to consider the possibility. "Oh no, I couldn't!"

"So you expect me to do nothing at all until you choose to leave the district. And then I'm to explain to Adrian Stanley that you were blackmailed?"

THE girl's hands moved restlessly. She was on the edge of a complete breakdown.

"You see, Mrs. Anderson," he went on, "this letter isn't the usual demand for money. It states that Adrian Stanley will be informed as to your past history *unless you leave Holtrigg*. I still say that your obvious course is to tell Adrian all about it."

But that she refused to do and, when she left a few minutes later, Bracegirdle was completely puzzled.

He examined the typed letter more closely. Run-of-the-mill envelope, cheap copy-paper—not easily traceable stuff. Old typewriter, apparently. The M was badly out of alignment and the lower part of the i chipped.

Ten minutes later he was talking to a Superintendent Turvey.

"Anderson!" Turvey said. "Oh yes, I remember all about that! Distressing business all round. One of those cases that should never have been brought. The girl was right up against it, no doubt about that. She should never have gone inside."

"I understand that her husband left her, and then her child was killed," Bracegirdle said.

"That's correct. I kept her at the station and got the wife to take care of her that night. I was afraid of what she'd do. She'd lost every damn thing."

Bracegirdle nodded grimly. "I know."

A CRAZY, far-fetched suspicion had come into his mind. It wasn't one that he cared to confide in a man he had never met. He said: "The point is, can you think of anyone down your way who would try to hurt her now?"

"Can't help you there," Turvey said at last. "I'd say she hasn't an enemy in the world."

"Her ex-husband?"

"He's in Canada. You can rule out her mother too. She's a snob and a hell-cat on the side, but she wouldn't do that. It wouldn't help her any."

Bracegirdle leaned back in his chair, thinking it over, then dismissed it from his mind. But after lunch he found himself thinking about her again.

There hadn't been any *need* for her to bring the matter to him. She didn't want him to take any action. And as for telling Adrian Stanley after she had left, a note on Adrian's desk would have taken care of that.

So, later in the afternoon, he drove over to Northfield and found the address she had reluctantly given him.

A girl of about Daphne Anderson's

continued on page 31

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Q·82

Too many ghosts

continued from page 8

back at her. She had not been harmed. There were no bruises at her throat. And yet. . . .

She held the candle higher for closer inspection, and, as she did so, the light by her bedside came on unexpectedly and provided further illumination. She saw that there were five damp spots on her skin where she had felt the cold hand. She touched the moisture with a finger and thought that it might be perspiration brought on by shock.

She realized at this point that indeed she was wet with perspiration under the arms, on her chest, at her temples and brow and upper lip. She picked up a towel and dried herself, then went to the door and tried it. It was unlocked now. She opened it and looked out.

The corridor was dark. There was no one there. She listened for any sounds of footsteps, and heard none, but faintly she thought that she heard the distant strains of harp music. She listened again, but it seemed to have ceased. She closed the door and went back to bed, and sat up thinking. Had it happened? Might it not have been a dream or a nightmare? Might not the door have been temporarily stuck? Could there not have been a loose connection in the lamp?

She felt her heart. It was still pounding violently—but did it not often do so after a nightmare or a violent dream? She picked up a book by her bedside to calm herself, and read a chapter or two before she felt drowsy once more. She put out the light and went to sleep.

The following morning she awoke merely with the memory of having gone through something unpleasant; there was nothing abnormal about her room, nothing in any way indicative of the presence of an intruder. She convinced herself quite easily then that she had imagined or dreamed the whole thing, and determined not even to mention the episode to anyone.

Nor would she have done, or ever referred to it, or even hinted to Richard Lockerie about the affair, had it not been for what happened at dinner in the great hall three nights later.

It had been Lord Paradine's idea, this communal dining, where temporary members or guests of the Country Club mingled with the family. It was his opinion that if people parted with a good stiff fee to be at Paradine Hall, they were entitled to the amenities.

In the hall the armour and clusters of swords and pikes were kept polished; faded but still colourful pennons of the Paradines hung from the blackened beams of the two-storey high chamber. At one end the great fireplace gleamed with copper. At the far end, in the second storey, was the minstrels' gallery with balustrade and heavy velvet curtains framing the opening.

Although the hall was normally lit by a great crystal electric chandelier, candles alone were used for illumination at dinner, in candelabra and wall sconces.

But candles illuminate merely their immediate surroundings; behind the candles' light, shadows are deeper, heavier and sometimes mobile with the flickering of the light. Half-concealed in those shadows in the great hall were sideboards, settles, chests and armchair carvers of heavy Jacobean oak.

Lord and Lady Paradine sat opposite one another at the far ends of the table. But it was Isobel, from a more strategic location at the centre, who kept things moving, signalled to Huggins, the butler, and his assistant servers, and watched over the guests.

On this night, as on previous ones since the manifestations had first begun, there was no escape from ghost talk, even though the Rev. Harry Witherspoon, vicar of St. Dunstan's Church at East Walsham, and Dr. Samuel Winters, the local G.P., had joined the gathering.

At mid-meal, Major Howard Wilson, the regular army officer who was the leader of the sceptics in the talk about ghosts, said suddenly: "I say, Paradine, I understand there's talk of having some kind of spiritualist fellow down here to hold seances, or something of the kind. Is that right?"

Lord Paradine flushed with annoyance and, forgetting that the moment before he had been engaged in warm, friendly conversation with Mrs. Vivyan Wilson, the major's handsome blonde wife seated at his left, said sharply: "Certainly not. Where did you come by a piece of nonsense such as that?"

The major laughed to himself. "From your nephew, sir," he said.

Because the exchange had taken place during a momentary lull, the entire table now stared at the disagreeable young man known as Cousin Freddie. Frederick Paradine was the son of Paradine's younger brother, Philip, deceased. He was that somewhat unusual phenomenon—an unpleasant and malicious fat man. At twenty-nine he was already huge—gross, puffy and malignant. The Paradine features—the bulging eyes, small mouth and arrogant nose—were not becoming to a fat face; they gave him the appearance of a particularly baneful and vindictive parrot.

When Paradine was irritated he did not bother to conceal it from anyone. "Confound you, Freddie," he said. "Won't you ever learn to hold your tongue?"

"Aha," barked the major, "so it is true?"

"No," interrupted Richard Lockerie, "it is not."

Everyone looked towards Lockerie. He was a distinguished-looking man, widowed, who had commanded armour during the war. Taken prisoner, he had escaped and later married the French girl member of the underground who had aided his flight to England. She had died shortly after the birth of his son.

"I merely suggested to Lord Paradine," Lockerie went on, "that if these disturbances continue it might be useful to call in Alexander Hero—he's a man I used to know at Cambridge shortly after the war, and his profession today, I believe, is to get to the bottom of such things."

Susan Marshall asked: "What is he, then—a kind of ghost detective?" And Lady Paradine said languidly: "How fascinating," but did not mean it, for she was not interested at all; she was occupied with the manner in which her son, Mark, was looking at Susan.

"What's that?" Major Wilson barked. "There's no such thing as ghosts. Why, the man must be an out-and-out fake. I imagine I'd have a bit of fun with a fellow like that."

"Is he good-looking, Sir Richard?" asked Vivyan Wilson, the major's wife.

Lockerie caught only the tail end of the remark, but noted the absurdly stiff

"Let's hope we don't have to listen to his confounded tape recorder all the evening . . ."

MAN ABOUT THE HOUSE

"Whatever are you doing in there without the light on?"

manner in which Major Wilson suddenly leaned backwards in his chair to throw a glance at his wife behind the heads of the intervening diners.

Here, Alfred Jellicot, the little draper, broke in importantly. "Once a poltergeist has arrived," he said, "there's nothing can be done. I have read a great deal on the subject and. . . ."

"There is something that can be done, sir," said Witherspoon, the vicar, reprovingly. "You forget there is a power to which all things visible and invisible must defer."

Jellicot, who had great regard for the clergy, accepted the reproof in hot-flushed silence, and there was again an uncomfortable hush that fell over the table. It was suddenly brought to a startling end by the shrill, high-pitched, girlish giggle ending in a titter that emanated from Noreen Spendley-Carter.

She was at the awkward, in-between stage of twelve. In an endeavour to make her presentable for dinner, her mother had put her in a pink party dress and had even added a touch of make-up to her face and lips, which, of course, had succeeded only in making her look grotesque.

Everyone stared at the outbreak, since there seemed to have been no cause for it. No one had said anything funny or even faintly amusing.

Once more the penetrating giggle arose, even over her mother's command, "Noreen, do be quiet!" until all eyes turned towards her and saw that the child was gazing straight across the table at the other side of the room. Then, with one bare arm and bony hand emerging from the pink taffeta party dress, she pointed over her mother's shoulder and cried: "Oh, look!"

Upon her ugly little face there appeared an expression of wholehearted delight, as one of the great Jacobean carver armchairs that had stood as solidly as a throne at the side of the dining hall began to move, apparently of its own volition, out of the deep shadows cast by the many glowing candles, towards the table across the polished flagstone floor, over which the legs scraped with a singularly unpleasant grating noise.

A thrill of horror ran audibly round the table. In that shocking moment, believers and unbelievers, the credulous, the realistic and the cynical were united in doubt and apprehension, and nerves already taut from events that had gone before were stretched still farther.

It was after the main course had been served. Neither the butler and his wife nor the second servers were in the great hall. The guests at the dinner table were alone with the phenomenon, staring white-faced and seemingly paralysed by the spectacle as the chair inched forward.

Susan Marshall said to herself: *I am not afraid. It is not real. It cannot be. I will not be afraid.* And yet fear was squeezing her heart, too, for she was remembering the cold hand that had clutched at her throat while she slept three nights before; the ghostly figure of the nun, the light that would not burn, and the terror of those moments of contact with the unknown. They had suddenly become all too real again.

Lady Paradine half-rose from her place at table clutching her napkin and calling to her husband across the length opposite: "John, what is it? What is happening?"

Isobel Paradine had risen likewise and was standing by the table, her light hair and long white evening gown giving her the aspect of a queen cast in silver. She, too, was staring at the moving chair with a kind of uncertain fascination and bewilderment.

To the scraping of the chair on the stone flags was now added the soft rustle as the folds of the carpet began to pile up. Beth Paradine cried out: "Uncle Dick . . . I'm frightened!"

Richard Lockerie did not reply, but placed his large hand firmly over hers and pressed it comfortingly. He was afraid of very little on earth, but as a human being he was greatly disturbed by the thing that moved by itself.

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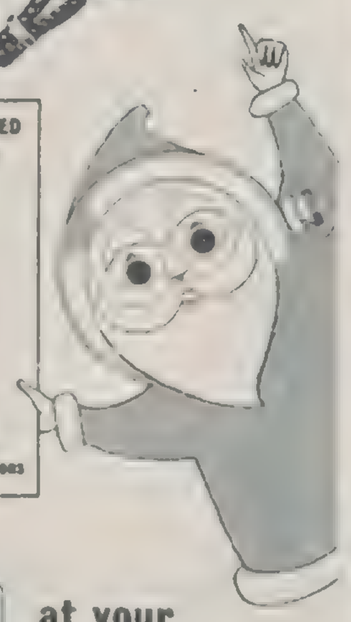

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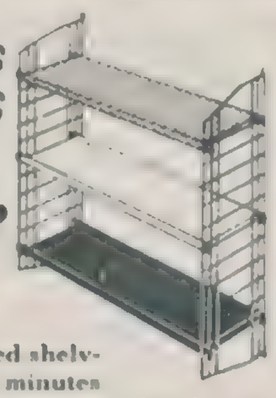

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Too many ghosts

continued from previous page

nine-branched Paradine silver candlesticks on the table suddenly went out for no particular reason. But nobody noticed. They were all by now hypnotized by the relentless forward motion of the black armchair, as though someone invisible were coming to join them all at the dinner table.

"He-he-he," giggled little Noreen. "Look, it's moving."

Major Howard Wilson shouted: "This is a lot of damn nonsense. Somebody's playing monkey tricks." He got up from his seat, went and looked behind the chair and cried in quite a different voice: "By God, there's nobody there!" and suddenly scuttled back and sat down, blowing out his cheeks in the strangest fashion. His exquisite blonde wife so far forgot her own uneasiness at the manifestation as to regard her husband with an expression of distaste about her mouth.

Lord Paradine arose at his end of the table and shouted: "What is this? What is going on here? I'll not have any of it." He started for the chair. Mrs. Geraldine Taylor, the sporty widow, laid a hand upon his arm, saying: "Do be careful." Next to her, Dr. Everard Paulson, the little atomic scientist with the face of a capuchin monkey, added: "Yes, sir, for God's sake do be careful. We are standing on some kind of a threshold. You cannot tell what. . . ."

But Paradine shook off restraining arms and warnings and marched solidly to the transient chair. He was a simple man of principle and courage, not extraordinarily intelligent, but one

ANXIETY—2

Anxiety does not empty tomorrow of its sorrows, but only empties today of its strength.

C. H. Spurgeon

who would always go straight to the heart of the matter. So he went directly to the chair and gripped it by the back.

"By God!" he shouted, shaken but not at all daunted. "I can't hold it. The thing's got a life of its own."

At the far end of the table, close to the seat that Lord Paradine had vacated, the greying haired engineer, David Ellison, watched the proceedings with the most curious expression on his florid face. One might almost have sworn, unless it was a trick of the light, that there was a half-smile at his mouth.

At the opposite end of the table the Rev. Harry Witherspoon had risen to his feet with a look of horror, but horror mixed with courage and determination, and he raised one hand and began making the sign of the cross in the air with it, while his lips tried to form the phrases that he could hardly remember from the long-disused Litany of Exorcism: "Lord Almighty, be with us, vanquish this evil spirit. . . ."

It was at this point that in pairs, by ones and threes, and sometimes four at a time, all the candles in the great hall began to go out. There were twenty-seven on the table, thirty-six about three sides of the dark panelled walls, six more on either side of the raised minstrels' gallery, the dark folds of whose curtains loomed above the diners.

The candles were not blown out or snuffed out; the flames simply sank and died. With the extinguishing of light, shadows began to leap menacingly.

The first note of panic was sounded by the scream of Mrs. Spendley-Carter, which pierced over her daughter's high titter, and the angry shout from the bull-like voice of Major Wilson: "Lights! What the devil's the matter with the lights?" From fat little Jellicot arose a frightened wail: "Oh dear! They're all going out."

For the candles continued to die with a kind of wilful regularity, as though an unseen finger were tapping or pinching each wick to obliterate the light.

This left but two burning in one of the sconces to the left of the minstrels' gallery. At the end of the table vacated by Lord Paradine, Dr. Paulson leaped to his feet and pointed up. "The nun! The nun!" he shouted.

Eyes were turned from the possessed chair and the man struggling with it to the high gallery. Was it the curtains, or was there indeed a lurking figure?

Major Wilson bawled: "What the devil? I don't see anything." But the stout, iron-haired widow, Mrs. Taylor, was on her feet, calling: "There! There! I see her now."

They all saw her then. Motionless, forbidding, she seemed to be watching them out of the shadows that half concealed her.

Out of the darkness came the bitter voice of Isobel Paradine: "Now will you believe?" And with that the last two candles went out, plunging the hall into total darkness.

Panic immediately followed this, simultaneous with a curse and a cry from Lord Paradine, after which there was a great crash as though he or the chair, or both, had been felled. The women were screaming now as more chairs were overturned, knives and dishes clattered to the floor.

OVER the shrieks and groans two voices were raised: that of Isobel commanding, "Huggins! Huggins, come in here at once! Turn on the lights"; and that of Richard Lockerie, firm and hard above the pandemonium, "Be calm! There's nothing to be afraid of really. Be calm, please."

A shaft pierced the gloom from the pantry as the butler burst into the dining-room. He was at first blinded by the darkness and shaken by the chaos, but he kept his head and moved swiftly to the side of the room. There was a click of a switch and the great overhead chandelier burst into a stunning brilliance that at first dazzled.

Paradine lay on the floor on his back with the chair on top of him. He was not hurt, but only winded and very angry. In his fright, Jellicot, his black tie around under one ear, had crawled up on to the table. Sylvia Spendley-Carter had slipped to the floor in a faint.

There was a cry and a rustle from the minstrels' gallery above, to which all eyes were turned. Isobel was there, parting the two side curtains of the gallery with wide, dramatic gestures of her arms. She cried: "There's nothing here—no one; nothing at all."

Richard Lockerie added his calming voice, saying: "There now, you see, there's nothing to be frightened of."

He was looking about the shambles of the dining-hall with the same air of self-possession and command with which he had peered from the turret of his tank in the war. "Nothing to be frightened of," he repeated. Then instinctively his hand sought that of Beth, who was trembling and staring before her almost as though she were hypnotized. Hardly realizing he was doing it, he threw a protective arm about her shoulders and said: "Come on, old girl, buck up. It's all right now."

But it wasn't all right at all. For he saw then where the frightened girl was staring, and he saw, too, the attitude of recoil of Susan Marshall, and the unconcealed horror as she looked down upon her plate.

"Oh! How horrid!" she whispered. "How disgustingly, revoltingly horrid!"

Noreen was staring likewise, too fascinated now even to giggle. Across Susan Marshall's empty plate lay a dead rabbit, the strangling wire still visible around its throat.

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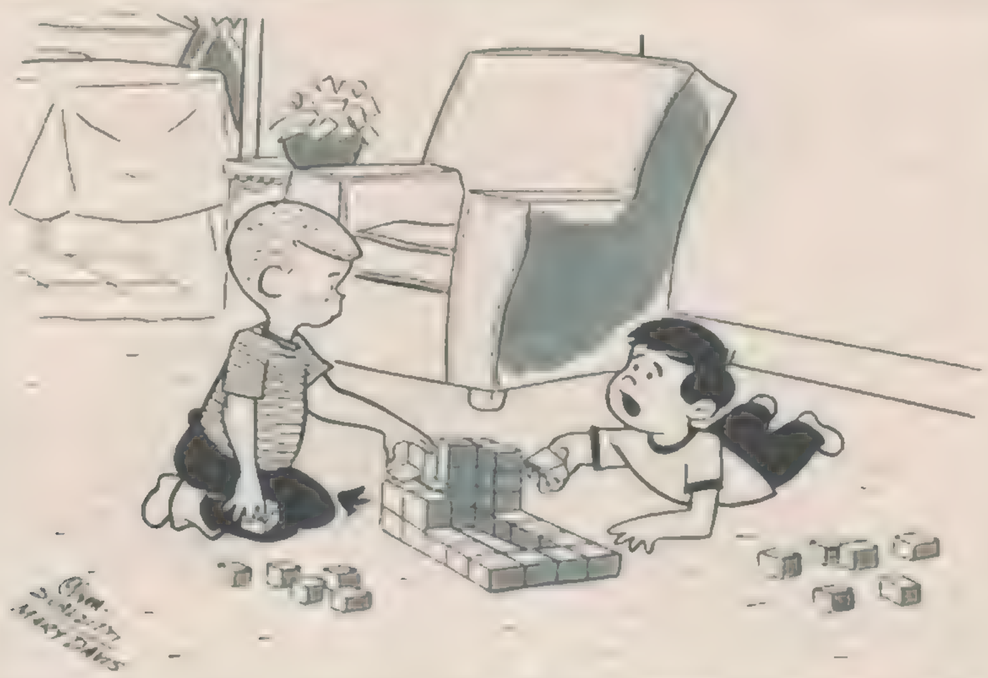
NEXT WEEK: The vicar attempts exorcism—and meets disaster

"Too Many Ghosts" by Paul Gallico will be published by Michael Joseph as a novel in the spring. Price 15s.



"Knock 'em over now and again. Mother worries when we're quiet"

A friend to the children

continued from page 22

clinging to his wrist. "You wouldn't do that to me," he said.

Carpmael grinned. "Don't be a fool," he said. "I've no feelings for any one of you. Of course I'll do it if I have to. Now, what's it to be."

Arnold shook his head hopelessly.

Carpmael laughed at him. "There's only one answer, Lumley. You'll come around to it. But I can't give you long. I'll be here again tomorrow night. And you know what will happen if you make the wrong decision."

Arnold said thoughtfully: "How do you know I can still do it? Maybe I've lost the touch."

Carpmael came back into the room. He picked up the mechanism of a clock from the sideboard and held it out to Arnold. "Not you," he said. "You've got a gift for it and you can't keep your hands off things that move."

Arnold stood holding the clock, listening to Carpmael's departing footsteps. Angelique perched on the back of his chair. He sat down again by the fire to think.

In fact there was not much to consider. The facts as Carpmael had stated them were exact. Always his thoughts returned to Alan and Elizabeth and by degrees his mind grew calmer. By midnight he had reached a solution.

He spent the remaining hours till daylight in making his preparations. When all was done he took a small glass phial from a hidden drawer in the sideboard and shook out the single capsule which it contained. It was pale blue in colour and very small. He had kept it for a long time but there was no reason to suppose that it had lost any of its potency. The man who swallowed it would be dead in three to four hours. He would die without pain and there would be no suspicion as to the cause of death. The symptoms would resemble those of a sudden heart failure, and that in fact is what would have happened.

Arnold held the capsule in his palm and looked at Angelique. The bird stared back unwinkingly from her perch on the chairback. He put the capsule loose in a waistcoat pocket and went upstairs to bed, but not to sleep.

He opened the shop early and the day proved a busy one, which helped him not to think. Carpmael arrived a little before seven. Arnold took him at once to the parlour where he had already set out a bottle of whisky and two glasses on a table close to the fire. Carpmael eyed the arrangements appreciatively and at once poured himself a long drink. He raised it to the light and turned to Arnold. "Here's to your good sense, Lumley."

Arnold watched him drink, then made his final attempt. "What would happen if I said no?"

Carpmael gave him a sour look. "I've told you. Why go over it again?"

"But why me, after all these years?"

The fat man poured a second drink and sat down comfortably. He sipped at his whisky and peered at Arnold over the rim of the glass. "I told you that, too. You're the only peterman who could tackle this particular job. We can't use jelly, it's too near a main street. You were a genius at this sort of caper and it's a genius I need. So I selected you."

Arnold dug thumb and forefinger into his waistcoat pocket and took out the capsule. He laid it on the table out of sight behind his glass. Carpmael leaned forward to get the whisky bottle. Then he glanced suspiciously at Arnold. "You're not going to be stupid about this, are you, Lumley?"

Arnold shook his head sadly. "No," he said. "I'll come in with you."

Carpmael beamed. "That's the boy. We'll have another drink on that." He leaned forward and struck a friendly blow on Arnold's knee. The sudden action was too much for Angelique. She fluttered forward with a wild squawk and landed awkwardly on the table, sending Arnold's glass spinning to the floor. Carpmael's reaction was surprisingly violent. He beat at the bird as he had done the night before, then sagged suddenly at the knees and collapsed in a kneeling position on the carpet.

He remained on all fours for some moments, then shook his head and said thickly: "Get rid of that damned bird, I can't stand the foul things."

Arnold put his hands beneath Carpmael's shoulders and helped him back into his chair. The fat man's face was a mottled red and white, his breath came noisily through his nose, and his lips were drawn in a single, tightly compressed blue line. Arnold put out a hand to loosen the tie and too-constricting collar.

Carpmael knocked the hand away and snarled at him. "I'm all right, leave me alone. That damn bird gave me a turn. If it comes near me again I'll wring its neck."

Arnold looked around for Angelique. The parrot had gone back to the chair and perched there with her head bowed. Carpmael's glance fell on his unfinished drink. "Give me that, it's what I need."

Arnold said: "I shouldn't try any more of that stuff if I were you."

"Give it here, blast you."

He snatched the glass and gulped the whisky down, then got to his feet. His face had lost its mottled look and his breath came more normally. He walked close to Arnold and said belligerently: "You're working for me now, Lumley, and the first thing you'll do is to get rid of that parrot. I don't want to see it when I come round here again."

Arnold said quietly: "I'll take care of it. Everything will be arranged."

Carpmael glanced at him curiously, then gave his short barking laugh. "All right then, arrange it. You'll be hearing from me soon. G'night."

"Good night," said Arnold. He

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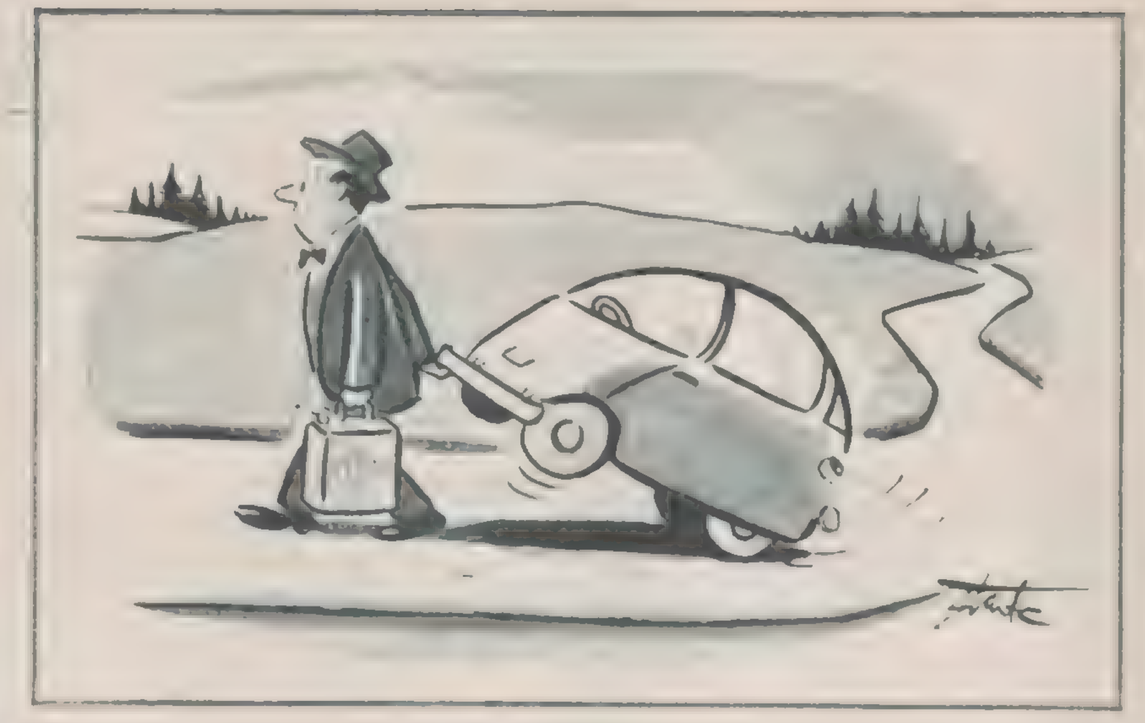

A friend to the children

continued from previous page

walked to the fireplace and stood looking into the flames for quite a long time after Carpmael left him. He was not consciously putting off the evil moment. If truth were told he rather welcomed it. But Angelique worried him. He could not bring himself to harm the bird but he wondered what would happen to her when he was gone. Then Arnold remembered the children. Angelique had always been a friend to them. They, or their parents, would stand friend to Angelique.

He turned from the fireplace and bent to pick his glass from the floor; then he splashed whisky into the glass and went to pick up the capsule from the table. It was not there. A second's thought told him that it must have been knocked to the floor with the glass when Angelique swooped on the table. Ten minutes later he realized that it was not on the floor, nor had it rolled behind the curtains or beneath the furniture or into any dark corner. Arnold began to search his pockets. The capsule was not there.

He sat down at last in Carpmael's chair and gazed at Angelique. Pictures began to flicker before his mind's eye. Pictures of Angelique retrieving tiny screws and cog wheels from the carpet and dropping them into his outstretched hand, of Angelique lifting sugar loaves from the bowl and dropping them into the children's cups. Finally, he saw Carpmael tilt his head back and drink from the contaminated whisky glass.

Realization dawned and with it horror. "My God," Arnold Terriss said. "It's murder we've done between us."

He was waiting behind the door early next morning when the papers arrived. He found the little paragraph that said Ranulf Carpmael had collapsed and died on a platform at Charing Cross Underground station shortly after nine o'clock the previous evening.

He worked through the day in a dazed confusion of mind. From time to time he went to the parlour door and looked in at Angelique. The parrot seemed not to have changed her position since she had perched on the chairback after flying at Carpmael.

A plain-clothes policeman called at noon and explained that Arnold's address had been found in Carpmael's wallet.

Arnold told him what was true: that he had not seen Carpmael for many years, but that the man had called on the previous night to renew old acquaintance and discuss old times. The detective seemed satisfied but he hesitated on the brink of departure.

"We discovered that the dead man had a police record and that Carpmael was not his real name," he said and watched Arnold closely.

The shopkeeper took a deep breath: "I have a police record. Terriss is not my real name," he said quietly.

The detective watched him a moment longer; then he flashed a brief smile. "I know that, sir. But you haven't been on our books for a long time. I suppose there is nothing else that you can tell me?"

Words trembled for a second on Arnold's tongue but he bit them back. "No, nothing else," he said stoutly.

The detective nodded. "Very well, sir, I'll be on my way, thank you for your help." He stopped at the door and said awkwardly: "I'm sorry about your friend. It was all over in a second, you know, he felt nothing."

There were few customers in the afternoon and at five Arnold decided to shut the shop. But before he could do so two children came in with their mother. The woman chatted with Arnold for a few moments and made a small purchase. The boy and girl had gone into the parlour and one of them called suddenly: "Mr. Terriss, what's the matter with Angelique?"

Arnold walked heavily into the parlour. "Better leave her alone," he said. "She's a little under the weather."

He walked to Angelique and took her gently on his wrist. Her claws had left deep indentations in the cloth of the chair back. In one of them something stirred, rolled slowly off the fabric and fell to the carpet. Arnold's heart leaped. He bent swiftly to the floor, then turned to the children. "Come along," he said cheerfully. "We'll make tea."

Suddenly the parrot had brightened. She wielded the sugar tongs with a skill and dexterity never before known, and the children shouted their delight. "Two lumps for me this time, Angelique. Ooh, I'll have three. Isn't she clever, Mummy?"

The woman smiled at Arnold. "She is a clever bird, Mr. Terriss. Did it take long to teach her?"

Arnold knelt at the fireplace, busy with tongs and shovel. "No," he said truthfully. "I never taught her anything. She just seems to pick things up without being told. And she's a real friend to children." And as Arnold Terriss threw the tiny blue capsule into the heart of the blaze he reflected that Angelique had certainly been a friend to his.

THE END

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NEXT WEEK'S STORIES

THE SHANGHAI CRACKSMAN

by Robert Standish

FIVE GOLDEN SOVEREIGNS

by John Davies

Bracegirdle and the high tower

continued from page 24

own age came to the door, with a blunt-faced, pleasant man. Not the types to wreck Daphne's life.

"Have you seen Mrs. Anderson recently, Mrs. Greaves?"

"She was here a week last Sunday."

"I'm not snooping," Bracegirdle told them, when they had asked him to come inside and the door was shut. "But your friend's past is catching up with her. Someone would like her to leave Holtrigg. I wondered if you could help in any way?"

Young Mrs. Greaves shook her head. "I *can't*! It's incredible that anyone should wish to hurt her."

The man said: "Trouble was, Daph got to thinking that she'd had it. She didn't expect anything better. Even when Stanley gave her the interview last September and she landed the job, she couldn't believe it. She's said all along that something would happen."

"Did she tell Adrian Stanley that she was divorced?" Bracegirdle asked.

Neither of them spoke.

"Did she?"

"No," the girl said. "She told him she was a widow."

"I see. . . . And you can't think of any single person who would like to damage her association with Stanley?"

"What about Adrian's sister?"

"I know her," Bracegirdle said. "She's devoted half her life to taking care of her brother. But she wouldn't do this. Even supposing that she had possessed herself of Daphne Anderson's secret, and that's highly

ANXIETY—3

There are few states more infectious than anxiety.

C. P. Snow

improbable, she still wouldn't do it. It would be against her code."

Greaves raised his eyebrows. "If she's got a mother-complex, it's the sort of thing you might expect."

"She wouldn't do it."

"I always thought policemen dealt in facts?"

"Character is a fact," Bracegirdle said.

As Bracegirdle drove back from Northfield, the suspicion that had formed in his mind grew steadily, and instead of turning into the yard behind the police-station, he drove on to Park Crescent, across the town. He stopped outside the neat, semi-detached house where Daphne Anderson lived. As he had hoped, she was out.

Bracegirdle had made it his business to keep on good terms with all those worthy Holtrigg people who eked out a living by letting rooms, and the woman who came to the door was an old acquaintance.

Miss Caswell was an elderly spinster. She greeted him with patently insincere cordiality.

"If it's about the Indian gentleman," she said, "let me tell you from the start, Inspector, that I never wish to have a pleasanter or more intelligent person in my house."

"I'm very glad to hear you say that," Bracegirdle said, smiling. "But it's Mrs. Anderson I'm interested in."

"What's she been doing wrong?"

"You've a suspicious nature, Miss Caswell." He followed her indoors. "I believe she's in trouble and I'm trying to help her. Naturally, that must remain a matter strictly between ourselves." He smiled again. "We understand each other, don't we?"

"We're old friends." Miss Caswell said acidily.

"And old friends trust each other, don't they?"

"Sometimes. . . . What's Mrs. Anderson's trouble? Isn't she marrying the

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Bracegirdle and the high tower

continued from previous page

most eligible bachelor there is in Holtrigg?"

"I hope so, Miss Caswell. And you've no complaints?"

"I never have, Inspector, about my boarders. I can size a person up the moment I see him or her."

"I'm sure of that." Bracegirdle tried again. "Had she any callers or any messages that aroused your suspicions?"

Miss Caswell stared into his eyes. "If they were, it's because she never had either, though she seemed to expect one every day."

It appeared that Daphne Anderson came down to the letter-box every morning as soon as she heard the postman shut the front gate, and that every evening on returning home she made a point of asking if there had been a letter or a telephone message.

"But she never had one single letter till last week," Miss Caswell said.

"Last week!" Bracegirdle leaned forward. "Did she seem upset by it?"

"I couldn't tell you. She propped it up unopened against the marmalade while she was eating her breakfast. She hadn't opened it when she left."

The inspector rubbed his blue chin. A woman waits ten months for a letter, but doesn't open it when it arrives.

"When did that letter come?"

"A week ago last Monday."

That confirmed Daphne Anderson's story, but only in part. She had told him the letter had been the third.

"You're certain," Bracegirdle said, "that she received no other letter?"

"I'm certain," said Miss Caswell.

Bracegirdle liked it less and less. He knew that his lurking suspicions could probably be verified or eliminated by a few words with his old friend Seward, who was Adrian Stanley's accountant at Holtrigg Industrial Tubeworks; but it seemed a dubious and unethical course, and he would probably never have pursued it but for that casual conversation with the coroner next day.

They were leaving the Coroner's Court when Bracegirdle said thoughtfully: "It brings the old, futile question to one's mind—why did he do it?"

The coroner got into his car. "You can't get inside a man's mind to find what drives him over the edge. Worries and fears, accumulating over the years till he has to reach safety."

The inspector's eyebrows twisted. "Safety, you said?"

"Well, that's the psychological explanation. When a man jumps from a high tower, he's trying to find safety on the ground so that he'll never be afraid again of falling."

Bracegirdle stood watching the coroner drive away. Within ten minutes he had rung Holtrigg Industrial Tubeworks and asked Seward to stay behind for a few minutes after the office staff had left for lunch at one o'clock.

At half past one he had found a typewriter in the accounts office with its M out of alignment and a chipped i.

"Who uses this machine?" he asked.

"All the three girls in this office."

"Would any one of them be the kind to type a blackmail letter?"

"I'd say no. They're all teenagers."

"Who else has access to it?"

"Anyone who cares to walk through the door," Seward said. . . .

Bracegirdle met Daphne Anderson as she was crossing from the staff canteen to the office block. The rectangular space between the administrative buildings and the workshops was pleasantly laid out with grass and seats. He indicated one, and sat down beside her.

"Mrs. Anderson," he said, "I've just come from the accounts office."

She looked at him blankly, her eyes afraid.

"Three years ago," Bracegirdle went on, "you sustained blow after blow: your husband's unfaithfulness—which didn't deter you from taking a post to provide money when he was ill; your imprisonment after appropriating your employer's funds; your husband's desertion. And finally, the tragic death of your child. You lost all belief that life would ever hold anything for you."

"Wouldn't you have felt like that?" she challenged him bitterly.

"We're talking about you, not me," Bracegirdle said gently. "A young, beautiful woman, not an elderly man. Then, this happens. Wealth, happiness, kindness, and a good man who loves you—all dropped into your lap. The possibility of other children to take the place of the one you lost. . . ."

"Don't—oh, *please* don't!"

"It seemed so impossible, didn't it? And so the fear came. Fear that you would lose it all."

"How can you know all this?"

"Every morning," Bracegirdle went on, relentlessly now, "you expected a letter, something from the life you'd left behind. Every night you asked if anyone had called or telephoned. It became unbearable. You couldn't wait any longer for the blow to fall. Rather than wait for your new life to be snatched away, you flung it back."

"You couldn't *know* the fear!" she whispered.

"So you typed that letter to yourself on the machine in the accounts office. You posted it to yourself a week ago last Sunday in Northfield. You collected it from the letter-box next morning. You didn't need to open it, that first letter you ever received at Miss Caswell's apartment-house, because you knew what it contained. . . . And after that morning, you had nothing to fear any more. The worst had happened."

She bowed her head. "You think I'm crazy, don't you?"

"You even brought the letter to me. You lied, saying that you had received two previous ones. By then, you were almost believing the story. You were going to leave Holtrigg, and I was to tell Adrian why. He would despise you, congratulate himself on having escaped marriage to a jail-bird. And you would never have the torment of living a lie."

"So what are you going to do?" Daphne Anderson whispered

"I'll give you ten minutes to tell Adrian Stanley the truth," Bracegirdle said.

"And if I don't—if I can't?"

"I shall."

From the gate, Bracegirdle watched her. She sat there, drooping on the seat, for quite twenty minutes, then went slowly to the offices. He moved nearer, then followed her, thinking that she had accepted his challenge. But she opened the door of her own office, next to Adrian's.

He waited five more minutes, then knocked on Adrian's door.

Adrian was standing by the window, filling his pipe. "Of all people!" he exclaimed. "Nothing wrong, I hope?"

"I wouldn't know what you mean by wrong," Bracegirdle said heavily. "No, I won't sit down, Adrian. I'd rather say what has to be said on my big flat feet. You'll probably feel like kicking me out when you hear it."

"Bad as that?" Adrian Stanley said. "Right—let's have it."

"It's about Mrs. Anderson."

"Daph? What about her?"

"You're going to marry her?"

Again that shrewd, peering look. "That's so."

"She came to you without references, didn't she?"

"References don't mean much to me."

"You could be right there." Bracegirdle didn't like what he was having to do. "Look, Adrian, I don't want you to take this the wrong way. What a man does with full knowledge in his possession is his own affair—but you're being taken right up the garden path."

Adrian sat down abruptly. "It isn't like you to fence, Bracegirdle."

Bracegirdle took the plunge. He said: "Daphne Anderson isn't a widow. She divorced her husband three years ago. That was soon after she served a prison sentence for theft."

Adrian sat rigidly behind the desk, staring at him.

"I thought you should know that, Adrian, before you put her in any position of trust here, and more particularly before you marry her."

"Thanks for the information, Bracegirdle."

"She's in her own office now. Probably getting ready to skip. Does she handle the wages?"

Adrian's mouth set hard. "Is that the lot?"

"It's the lot," Bracegirdle said, and stalked out of the room.

He crossed the road from the factory and walked very slowly along the tree-bordered pavement.

He'd played the game according to all the rules he had ever learned in his dealings with humankind. What happened now was out of his hands. His only concern was that Daphne Anderson shouldn't suddenly leave the premises. If that happened, if he'd misread the rules, Daphne had to be taken care of.

Another couple of turns on the road, and he would give Adrian Stanley a ring. . . .

He glanced over his shoulder as a car swung out of the factory yard. It was Adrian Stanley's car, and he wasn't alone. Daphne Anderson was beside him.

The car stopped within a yard of Bracegirdle, and Adrian wound down the window.

"I'm sorry, Bracegirdle," he said. "I'm sorry you've such a damned low opinion of me. If it's of any interest to you, I'm taking Daphne to choose a ring."

Bracegirdle looked from Adrian to the girl. It was the first time he had seen her smiling.

"Adrian," he said, "it's only because I've such a damned high opinion of you that I took that course. I've known you all your life. Believe me, I knew what I was doing." He reached into the car and gripped Daphne's hand. "And your future wife knows why I did it. . . ."

Oh yes, Strake was very curious about that expensive, hand-made envelope, but Bracegirdle didn't explain. Strake would only have had something to say about class-distinction.

He slipped it into his pocket. Most certainly, Inspector and Mrs. Bracegirdle would be at St. Michael's Church on the eighth, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and at the reception afterwards.

His grizzled face relaxed in a smile. He had a very personal interest in that wedding.

THE END

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ANXIETY—4

Every tomorrow has two handles. We can take hold of it with the handle of anxiety or the handle of faith.

H. W. Beecher

Everybody's Puzzling

QUIZZLE

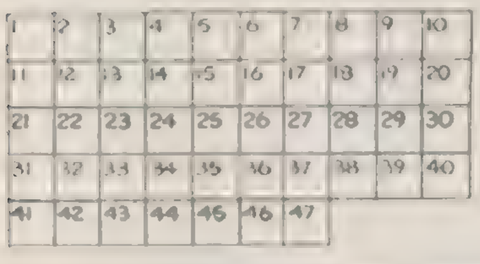
The letters in numbered squares, if placed in the small grid to the left of the puzzle in numerical sequence, will spell a well-known quotation and help to check your solutions.

CLUE DOWN

A. Playful request to snob, at outset of hunt (7, 7, 4, 2, 4).

CLUES ACROSS

A. Roasting cockerel.
B. Portent.
C. Language spoken, for example, in Rangoon.
D. Small town in Cork associated with flattery.
E. Buddhist priest of Tibet.
F. Dutch town famous for its cheese.
G. A picture puzzle.
H. A rabbit.
I. Waste matter of a carcass.
J. Spanish dance, or short jacket.
K. Liquid resin, or balm of Gilead.
L. Imaginary country of dwarfs in Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*.
M. There are 6 rivers of this name in Gt. Britain.
N. System of government.
O. African adjutant bird, or its feathers.
P. London's earliest railway terminus, built 1837.
Q. By name.
R. Australian dog.
S. French claret, or Gironde district where it is made.
T. Slang American.
U. Staying power.
V. A cock's neck feather.
W. Art of public speaking.
X. Sir John Hunt reached its peak on May 29, 1953.



BRAIN TEASER by Fred Borders

Farmer Kelly has a square field, the sides of which are 84 yards long. A rabbit from a hole exactly in the north-eastern corner of the field had foraged as far as the north-western corner when, at that exact moment, Kelly was on the western side 35 yards from the rabbit.

They saw each other simultaneously, and equally simultaneously began to run at top speed, the rabbit back towards his hole and Kelly towards the rabbit.

The rabbit could do 12 miles per hour, while Kelly ran at 13 miles per hour.

Did the rabbit escape?

HOW TURN TO PAGE 51 FOR THE ANSWERS

Triumph in the west

continued from page 18

spoonfuls of soup he started discussing the question of the command of the Mediterranean and said: 'It is all quite simple, there are . . .' then down came the fly-whisk with a crash, and a fly corpse was collected and placed in a fly mortuary near the corner of the table.

"He then had two more spoonfuls of soup and said: 'This is the most *dee*-icious soup,' followed by another spoonful. He then started again: 'As I was saying, it is all quite simple, there are just three areas. . . .' Crash, down came the fly-whisk and another corpse was conveyed to the mortuary!

"I let him go on killing flies, knowing well that there was no possibility of doing any work. I felt desperately anxious about him at that lunch. I had just been listening on the previous evening to Smuts's fears about him and I began to wonder how near he was to a crash and how serious that crash would be."

Churchill was determined to visit the battlefronts in Italy, and Alanbrooke set out with him, flying 1,550 miles to Carthage.

"December 11. Carthage. Arrived after a very good journey, but not much sleep as plane was overheated. Owing to a mistake arrived at a wrong aerodrome first and had to take off again. Finally we arrived at the right place, and there we found Eisenhower and Tedder waiting for us. P.M. very tired and flat. I cannot think that it is wise for him to go to Italy in this condition. After breakfast he went and rested till lunch.

"Meanwhile I had a very useful conference with Eisenhower and Tedder on various points connected with operations in the Mediterranean, but mainly on the question of the selection of his successor and of the organization of the Command. Ike's suggested solution was to put Wilson in Supreme Command, replace Alex by Monty and take Alex home to command the land forces for Overlord. This almost fits in with my idea except that I would invert Alex and Monty."

In worse health

After the war, Alanbrooke observed: "It was very useful being able to have this talk with Ike in which I discovered, as I had expected, that he would sooner have Alex with him for Overlord than Monty. He also knew that he could handle Alex, but was not fond of Monty and certainly did not know how to handle him.

"I was getting very worried about Winston's health. He seemed to be going from bad to worse. It was most unfortunate that morning that we had come down on the wrong aerodrome, as they took him out of the plane and he sat on his suitcase in a very cold morning wind, looking like nothing on earth. We were there about an hour before we moved on and he was chilled through by then.

"I felt that a trip to Italy in December with snow and seas of mud, living in cold caravans, would finish him off. I discussed the matter with Moran [Sir Charles Wilson, who had been raised to the peerage as Lord Moran, Sir Winston's devoted and ever-watchful physician], who entirely agreed. I therefore tackled Winston in the evening and told him that he was wrong in wanting to go to Italy. I granted that the troops would be delighted to see him and that he would enjoy the trip, but said that I did not think he had any right to risk his health in this way.

"I was beginning to make a little progress and then I foolishly said: 'And, what is more, Moran entirely agrees with me.' He rose up on the elbow in his bed, shook his fist in my face and said: 'Don't you get in league with that bloody old man!'

"After that there was no alternative but to leave the matter alone for a bit. As we shall see, thank Heaven, God took a hand in the matter.

"December 12. I was sleeping like a log at 4 a.m. when I was woken by a raucous voice re-echoing through the room with a series of mournful: 'Halloo, Halloo, Halloo!' When I had woken sufficiently I said: 'Who the hell is that?' and switched on my torch.

A high temperature

"To my dismay I found the P.M. in his dragon dressing-gown, with a brown bandage wrapped round his head, wandering about in my room. He said he was looking for Lord Moran and that he had a bad headache.

"I led him to Moran's room and retired back to bed. But for the next hour the whole house resounded with the noise of people waking up and running round.

"This morning, on getting up, I discovered that the P.M. had a temperature of about 102 degrees and is not in a good way at all. Moran is uncertain as to what the trouble is, but is anxious to get him home as quickly as possible. The visit to Italy must be definitely off as far as he is concerned.

"Later. P.M.'s temperature went down considerably during the day, but Moran [who could not at that moment judge whether it was pneumonia or just 'flu] did not think he was so well again in the evening. Eisenhower came round in the afternoon and we had a long talk with him and Alex. Tedder came to dine. Settled that Alex should go back to Italy tomorrow and that I should accompany him."

On the last day of 1943, Brooke took the chair at his first Chiefs of Staff meeting in London since his departure for Teheran.

"It was not," he wrote, "a very arduous one; mainly concerned with putting straight telegrams from P.M., who is now becoming very active."

Next day the C.I.G.S. received the highest award of his profession.

"January 1, 1944. Heard on the 8 a.m. wireless that I had been promoted to field marshal. It gave me a curiously peaceful feeling that I had at last, and unexpectedly, succeeded in reaching the top of the ladder. I certainly never set out to reach this position nor did I ever hope to do so even in my wildest moments. When I look back over my life no one could be more surprised to find where I have got than I am."

No British field marshal had ever borne wider responsibilities than Brooke at that moment. As chairman of the Chiefs of Staff Committee he and his two colleagues had on their hands a military offensive in Italy, a naval blockade of Europe, a round-the-clock bombardment of Germany's industrial cities, communications and airfields and, at the far side of the world, a campaign in Burma, conducted with inadequate forces, largely out of deference to American illusions about China.

Most important of all, in less than six months' time he and they had to launch their overstrained country's remaining

continued on page 35

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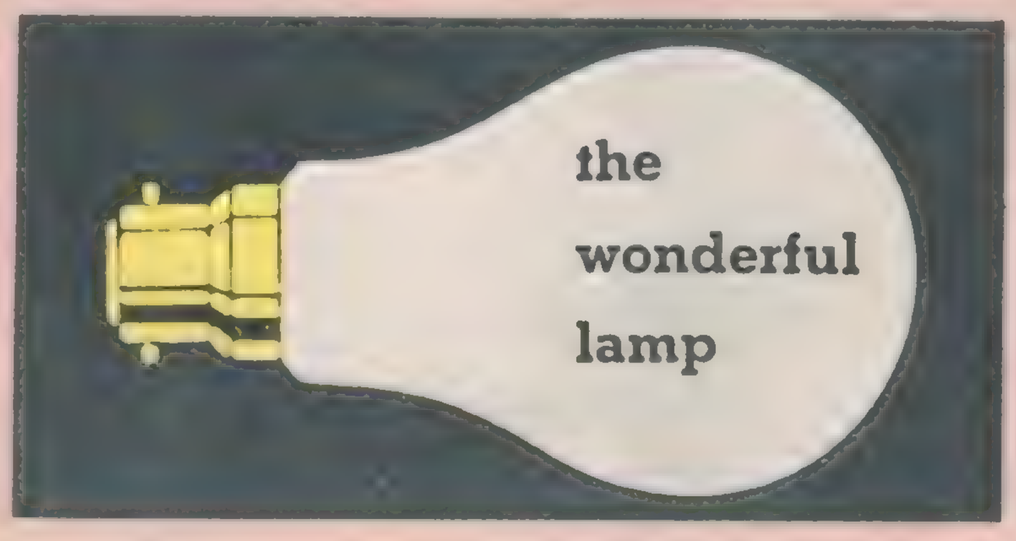

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EVERYBODY'S CROSSWORD (No. 5)

by Leslie Stokes

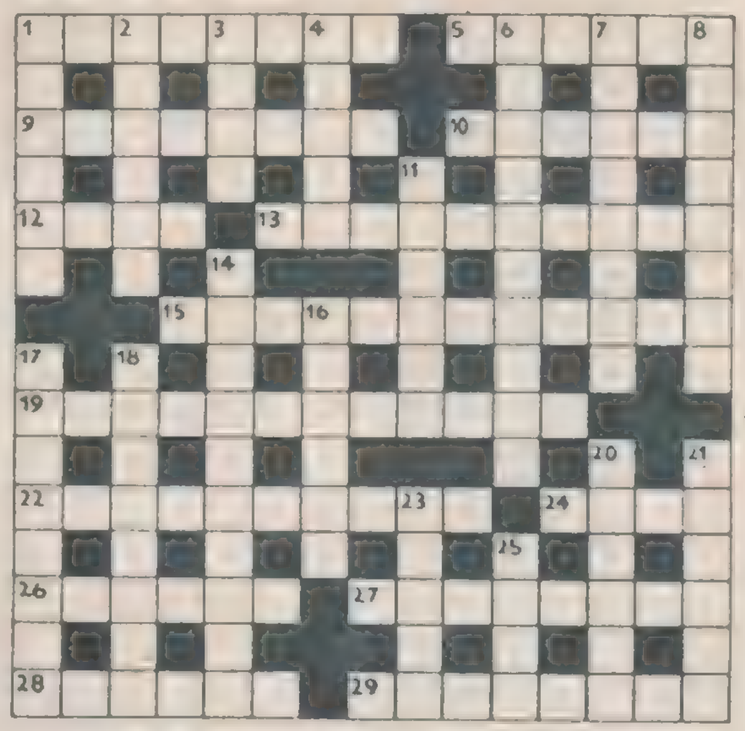
A prize of a one-guinea Book Token will be given for each of the first three correct solutions opened. Entries must be marked "Crossword No. 5" on the envelope and must be posted to reach this office (John Bull: Everybody's Weekly, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1) by Tuesday, December 15. No correspondence can be entered into about this puzzle.

ACROSS

1. Progress report of one shot in the end. (8)
5. Covers the medico takes off. (6)
9. Brass-hat within, one hears: that's meet. (8)
10. Homes for Eskimos. (6)
12. Malignant expression in a dance-turn. (4)
13. A great mist enshrouds him in this case. (10)
15. Sounds a spirited game for both sexes. (5, 7)
19. Gem of a character, however rude on the surface. (5, 7)
22. One whom Saturnalia would have made crazy. (10)
24. Kill, kill! (But it's already dead.) (4)
26. Like the 15th of March, say (*sotto voce*). (6)
27. Not an outstanding marine performer, however. (8)
28. At which one views life from the right angle? (6)
29. Bitter assignment for a Spanish hero? (4, 4)

DOWN

1. Seems good advice to yachtsmen waiting for a wind. (6)
2. To idle so upsets one who works hard. (6)
3. Design a prowless ketch. (4)
4. In the beginning it gets a help up. (5)
5. Manoeuvres favoured by conservative-minded driving examiners? (5, 5)
7. His chance of an international cap is more than possible. (8)
8. State that mixes up senses. (8)
11. I'd started in reverse and made a mess of it. (6)
14. Eli, for example. (4, 6)
16. Can be taken in, obviously. (6)
17. Another three points. Keep it up! (3, 5)
18. To be or not to be? That's it. (8)
20. A rabbit maybe, but without sin. (6)
21. Suitable headgear for summit talks? (3, 3)
23. To wit, top-quality salt. (5)
25. It's hammered—and by a man who could hit hard. (4)



SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD No. 1

ACROSS: 1, *Infinite variety.* 9, *Peons.* 10, *Equitable.* 11, *Sassenach.* 12, *Oared.* 13, *Ebor.* 14, *Ill-starred.* 17, *Bill of fare.* 20, *Ivor.* 23, 25, *Make a dash for it.* 26, *Sartorial.* 27, *Alien.* 28, *Dance attendance.*
DOWN: 1, *Impasse.* 2, *Footstool.* 3, *Nested.* 4, *The Mall.* 5, *Vouches.* 6, *Rational.* 7, *Embar.* 8, *Yielded.* 15, *Reversion.* 16, *Comatose.* 17, *Bemused.* 18, *Faddist.* 19, *Resolve.* 21, *Retinue.* 22, *Afraid.* 24, *Koran.*

THE WINNERS WERE

Mrs. J. H. McLeod, 286 Union Grove, Aberdeen.
Mr. S. J. Edwards, 106 Dover Road, London, E.12.
Mrs. S. Cooper, 180 London Road, Bognor Regis, Sussex.

Triumph in the west

continued from page 33

striking force in an amphibious operation of unparalleled hazard.

"January 4. A long Chiefs of Staff meeting at which we did our weekly review of the threat of the rocket and pilotless plane. Evidence goes on accumulating.

"January 5. A C.O.S. meeting at which we were employed trying to sort out a tangle existing in the Mediterranean. Most of the difficulties are caused by the P.M. at Marrakesh convalescing and trying to run the war from there. . . .

"January 7. A difficult C.O.S. meeting as Winston, sitting in Marrakesh, is now full of beans. As a result a three-cornered flow of telegrams in all directions is gradually resulting in utter confusion. I wish to God that he would come home and get under control.

"January 11. We had our weekly examination at the C.O.S. of the prospects of the pilotless plane and of the counter-measures. The bombing of the launching emplacements in Northern France is not going well."

Brooke then spent two days in Norfolk with the King.

"January 13. After lunch left the War Office at 3 p.m. for Sandringham. I took Lockwood and Parker [his batman and chauffeur; the former had been valet to the Duke of Kent] with me. Reached Sandringham just about 6 p.m. We found, however, Sandringham empty as the King is using a smaller house close by.

"At the gate we were stopped by a policeman, who, after examining our identities, turned on a series of little magic blue lights on either side of the avenue up to the house. On arrival there I was met by Piers Legh, who took me round to the drawing-room. There I found the Queen alone with the two Princesses. She said she had some tea for me, which she rang for and then poured out for me. The older of the two Princesses also came along to assist in entertaining me, whilst the younger one remained on the sofa reading *Punch* and emitting ripples of laughter at the jokes. The King came in a little later and also sat at the small table whilst I drank my tea.

"After tea the King asked me to come to his study and I had about an hour with him discussing the war, various appointments, the Prime Minister, the new medals, etc. In every subject he displays intense interest and is evidently taking the greatest trouble to keep himself abreast of everything.

King took charge

"January 14. Breakfast was at nine and was not attended by any of the Royal Family. After breakfast, Harry Cator and Oliver Birbeck came as the two additional guns, which made us six in all, as Lascelles did not shoot.

"We started at 10 a.m. and walked to the first beat. The King throughout the day took complete charge and posted all guns himself. It was all very informal and pleasant. The Queen and family turned up during the morning and kept with the King most of the time. A very happy little family group. We had a very good day and shot 348 pheasants (all wild birds), sixty-five partridges, etc.

"January 15. The Queen and family again came out during the morning.

"We had another very good day with 312 pheasants and twenty-three partridges, etc. The evening was again filled up with the same routine as on the previous days. Before going to bed the Queen said goodbye, but the King said he would be down before I left."

"Sunday, January 16. This morning at 10 a.m. the car was all loaded up and ready. The King had been down talking to me for about a quarter of an hour. Finally I said goodbye to the King, thanked him profusely and drove off."

While Brooke had been at Sandringham the Supreme Commander had arrived in England.

Brooke's diary continues:

"January 17. After lunch, Eisenhower came round to see me, in very good form. Finally Cabinet—the last to be run without Winston, who is due back tomorrow."

"January 18. The morning was somewhat upset by the return of the P.M., who arrived at Paddington at 10 a.m., whence we all proceeded to meet him.

"January 19. The P.M. is starting off in his usual style. We had a staff meeting with him at 5.30 p.m. for two hours and a Defence Committee from 10.30 p.m. for another two hours. And we accomplished nothing. In all his plans he lives from hand to mouth; he can never grasp a whole plan either in its width (i.e. all its fronts) or its depth (long-term projects). . . ."

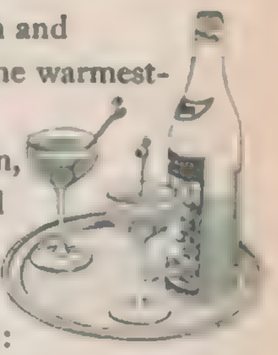
Both Churchill and Brooke—himself now over sixty—were feeling the strain of prolonged responsibility. On the Monday after the Anzio landing Brooke returned to Storey's Gate to discuss Operation Anvil, another Mediterranean landing, in Southern France, which Eisenhower and Marshall had urged should precede Overlord and to which, under American and Russian pressure, the British had been forced to agree at Teheran as the price of a continued offensive in Italy.

"January 24. Left home 8 a.m. Had a long C.O.S. meeting at which Eisenhower turned up to discuss his paper proposing increase of cross-Channel operations at expense of South France operations. I entirely agree with the proposal, but it is certainly not his idea and is one of Monty's. Eisenhower has got absolutely no strategical outlook. He makes up, however, by the way he works for good co-operation between allies.

"After lunch Monty came to see me

THIS is the Gin . . .

. . . FOR A BLISSFUL
'GIN AND ITALIAN'



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Triumph in the west

continued from previous page

and I had to tell him off for falling foul of both the King and the Secretary of State in a very short time! He took it well as usual."

Subsequently, Alanbrooke wrote: "I cannot quite remember now what iniquities Monty had committed this time. I think that the King had taken exception to the kit he wore and had instructed me to draw his attention to dress regulations."

"February 3. We had a long C.O.S. meeting over the wire to send back to American Chiefs of Staff to convince them that, with the turn operations have taken in the Mediterranean, the only thing to do is to go on fighting the war in Italy and give up any idea of a weak landing in Southern France.

"February 4. Meeting with the P.M. at 3 p.m. to discuss our cable to the Americans, which he approved."

Americans refuse

The cable sent that day to Washington followed an earlier one of January 26 in which the British Chiefs of Staff had recommended that the initial Overlord assault should be increased from a three- to a five-division front and, in order to find additional landing-craft, that it should be postponed until June and the preliminary landing on the Riviera be either limited to a single division or reduced to a mere threat, which, because of Allied command of the sea, would as effectively tie down German forces in Southern France. But though the Americans now agreed that the Overlord assault should be strengthened and offered to provide sixty more landing-craft, they still refused to accept any later date for Overlord than May 31 or reduce the scale of Anvil.

By the beginning of February, however, the 'Allies' continued failure either to break out of the Anzio bridgehead or through the German mountain defences around Cassino had shown that the enemy was resolved to fight it out in Southern Italy. To the British Chiefs of Staff the corollary seemed obvious: that the one way to contain the German reserves and prevent them from reinforcing Normandy was to maintain the offensive in Italy and not abandon it in order to stage an amphibious operation which was no longer necessary.

But their cable to Washington on February 4 made no impression on their American colleagues.

Thus, with the cross-Channel attack only three months away, Brooke and his colleagues were faced by a deadlock.

On February 22, Brooke wrote: "A very long and difficult C.O.S. Eisenhower came again to represent American Chiefs of Staff and to argue their point concerning the Mediterranean. It is quite clear to me from Marshall's wire that he does not begin to understand the Italian campaign. . . . Eisenhower sees the situation a little more clearly, but he is too frightened of disagreeing with Marshall to be able to express his views freely."

Pressed by Montgomery and the British Prime Minister and Chiefs of Staff, Eisenhower promised to recommend to Washington that the Italian campaign should for the present take precedence over all other Mediterranean operations, including Anvil.

On February 25 the President and the American Chiefs of Staff accepted the London recommendations.

"March 13. Faced again with the P.M.'s restlessness. He now wants to go to Bermuda to meet the President on the 25th of this month. There is nothing special that we want to discuss as Chiefs of Staff; in fact we do not want to meet American Chiefs until we have arrived at some form of agreement with the P.M. about the Pacific strategy. Medically it is all wrong that he should go.

"Cabinet at 6 p.m. P.M. has now got the joint planners with him to discuss the Pacific strategy. Heaven knows what he is up to and what trouble he is brewing for us.

"March 14. Apparently P.M. is now prepared to put off the date of departure to March 31, but still hopes to go to Bermuda. I had another interview with Moran yesterday to try and stop the P.M. on medical grounds. He tells me he is writing to the P.M. to tell him that there are three good reasons why he should not go:

(*a*) He may become a permanent invalid if he does.

(*b*) Owing to his very recent go of pneumonia he is quite likely to get another if he exposes himself to the hardships and fatigues of a journey, and

(*c*) he is liable to bring on a heart attack. . . ."

[Towards the end of March and into April, Alanbrooke was forced to deal with further American pressure to relax effort on the Italian front and concentrate on preparations for Operation Anvil — the proposed invasion of Southern France. The British refused, however, and Alanbrooke finally persuaded Eisenhower that Anvil should be postponed until after Overlord, the Channel invasion. Alanbrooke spent the last week of April on leave.]

Churchill's compliments

"May 6. The day was spent in trying to get level with some of the work I had been unable to get through during the week. In the evening motored to Chequers for the weekend.

"May 7. Chequers. In the morning we went to church with Clemmie and Mary. After lunch did some work and after tea we went for a walk. Dinner was followed by the usual film, after which Winston took me down to the little study where the secretaries work. There he sat by the fire and drank soup. He looked very old and very tired. He said Roosevelt was not well and that he was no longer the man he had been; this, he said, also applied to himself. He said he could still always sleep well, eat well and especially drink well, but that he no longer jumped out of bed the way he used to, and felt as if he would be quite content to spend the whole day in bed. I have never yet heard him admit that he was beginning to fail.

"He then said some very nice things about the excellent opinion that the whole Defence Committee and War Cabinet had of me, and that they had said that we could not have a better C.I.G.S. Got to bed by 1 a.m."

After the war, Alanbrooke commented on this talk:

"Considering the difficult times I had had recently with Winston, I appreciated tremendously his kindness in

Answers to
Everybody's Puzzling
See page 33

If Kelly had run directly towards the rabbit hole, he would have run on the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle, the sides of which are 35 and 84 yards. The square on the hypotenuse of such a triangle being equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides, we find it was 91 yards from Kelly's starting-point to the rabbit hole. Now 91 is to 84 as 13 is to 12. So if Kelly had run directly to the hole he would just have caught the rabbit. But as he ran always towards the rabbit he ran in a curve, and his path was longer than a straight line. The rabbit got away.

QUIZZLE

Quotation: Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree. (Joyce Kilmer).
Clue Down: Cobbler, cobbler, mend my shoe.
Clues Across: (A) Capon; (B) Omen; (C) Burmese; (D) Blarney; (E) Lama; (F) Edam; (G) Rebus; (H) Coney; (I) Offal; (J) Bolero; (K) Balsam; (L) Lilliput; (M) Esk; (N) Regimen; (O) Marabou; (P) Euston; (Q) Nominally; (R) Dingo; (S) Medoc; (T) Yankee; (U) Stamina; (V) Hackle; (W) Oratory; (X) Everest.

"I'm sorry, old man—I didn't know it was loaded"

passing on these remarks to me. I did not often get any form of appreciation of my work from him, and so treasured it all the more on these rare occasions.

"He was an astounding mixture, could drive you to complete desperation and to the brink of despair for weeks on end, and then he would ask you to spend a couple of hours or so alone with him and would produce the most homely and attractive personality. All that unrelenting tension was temporarily relaxed, he ceased to work himself into one fury or another, and you left him with the feeling that you would do anything within your power to help him to carry the stupendous burden he had shouldered."

Alanbrooke's diary entry for May 8 runs: ". . . A meeting with P.M. at 11 p.m. Winston terribly tired; required great patience to handle him, but got what we wanted through. Now 1.30 a.m., sleepy and off to bed. . . .

"May 11. Tonight at 11 p.m. the Italian attack starts. I pray to God that it may be successful. A great deal depends on it.

"May 12. Attack started up on time, but no news all day. I am now (11.30 p.m.) awaiting a message which is being deciphered. It is very trying to have to wait for this information.

"Preparations for cross-Channel operations going on full blast, and date drawing very near.

"May 13 and 14. A very short C.O.S. meeting, after which I escaped and returned home for lunch. Spent Sunday at home photographing a marsh tit."

As Alanbrooke commented after the war: "Those two hours in a hide close to a marsh tit at its nest made Winston and the war disappear in a cloud of smoke. It was like rubbing Aladdin's lamp. I was transplanted to a fairy-land and returned infinitely refreshed and re-created.

No real commander

"May 15. Went straight from home to St. Paul's School to attend Eisenhower's final run-over plans for cross-Channel operations. The King, P.M., Smuts and all other Chiefs of Staff were present. The main impression I gathered was that Eisenhower was no real director of thought, plans, energy or direction. Just a co-ordinator, a good mixer, a champion of inter-Allied co-operation, and in those respects few can hold the candle to him.

"But is that enough? Or can we not find all qualities of a commander in one man? Maybe I am getting too hard to please, but I doubt it."

After the war, Alanbrooke commented:

"If I was asked to review the opinion I expressed that evening of Eisenhower, I should, in the light of all later experience, repeat every word of it. A past-master in the handling of allies, entirely impartial and consequently trusted by all. A charming personality and good co-ordinator. But no real commander. I have seen many similar reviews of impending operations, and especially those run by Monty. Ike might have been a showman calling on various actors to perform their various turns, but he was not the commander

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IDEAL HOME Magazine for December also brings you different **ideas for cocktail sticks. Viscountess Tarbat tells the secret of her celebrated parties. The IDEAL HOME Room of the Month is 'Tango Wood'**—a traditional room for entertaining. **Hogarth's 'line of beauty' is applied to the modern house. Making a party pavilion**—with a motif to match the moment. **Arrangement and care of house plants. A visit to Mrs. Graham Greene's famous collection of Dolls' Houses.** The **IDEAL HOME/R.I.B.A. Small House Scheme**—questions and answers on the top 30 homes, as well as 7 more designs in detail. **Why plastics today do what they do at real value-for-money prices. Focus on electrical aids in the kitchen.**

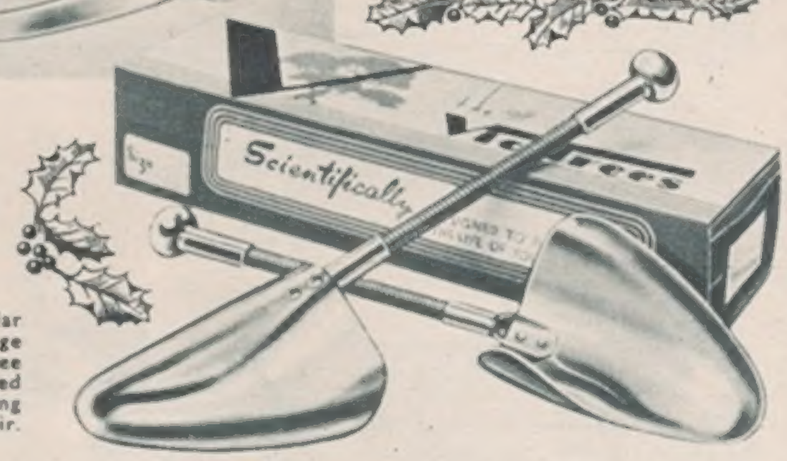
Ideal Home
MAGAZINE—2/3

GET YOUR COPY NOW!

New and *INEXPENSIVE* IDEAS for CHRISTMAS!

"Cliptrees" (illustrated above) are ideal for ladies' fashion shoes or men's casuals and are remarkably good value at 4 11d. per pair.

One of the most popular in the Vic-Trees range is the Vic-Tree "Anatomic" illustrated on right and retailing at 7 6d. per pair.



Christmas is an expensive time for everyone—thank goodness that Vic-Trees provide the perfect and economical answer to the Gift problem with a range of shoe trees for both ladies and gents at prices ranging from 3/6d. to 9/11d. And every pair is packed in a most attractive Yuletide carton. You can buy this different and acceptable present from all the leading shoe stores—and incidentally, treat yourself to a pair—you won't regret it!

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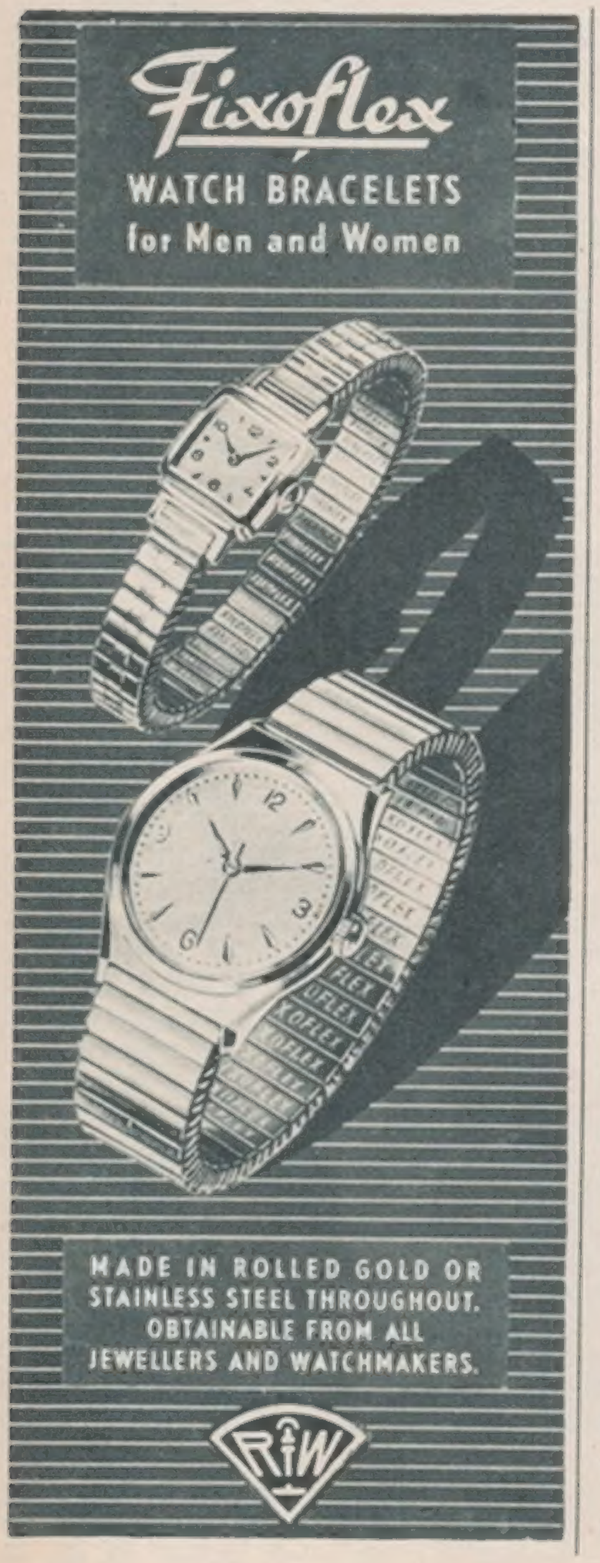
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To realise just what a really astonishing difference it can make, get some Dr. Wernet's Powder from any chemist today and prove it for yourself.

Readers seeking advice from our team of experts are invited to send their problems to John Bull : Everybody's Weekly Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Letters will be answered by post, and problems of general interest will also be published on this page

We advise . . .

I HAVE been having trouble with the school authorities about my daughter being kept in after school hours. They have ignored my request not to keep her at school without my prior knowledge. Has the headmistress the legal right to do this?—Mrs. I. H., Norfolk.

● The headmistress has power to retain your daughter for a reasonable period after normal school hours, if this is necessary for discipline or other valid reasons.

If you consider that she is acting unreasonably you should make your complaint to the local education authority. They will probably make investigations.

HELPING HIMSELF LEGALLY?

AFTER a driving accident I claimed damages from the insurance company of the other driver. My solicitor later told me a sum had been paid into court and I had fourteen days in which to accept. I did so, but was surprised when I went to collect it to find that my solicitor had retained a considerable sum to cover costs. I thought that the insurance company would pay this.—W. F. B., Llanelly, Wales.

● The insurance company paid into court the total amount for which they admitted liability. As you accepted it, it was your obligation to pay your solicitor's costs out of the amount you received.

A WIFE'S DUE

CAN a married man bequeath all his property to his child and leave nothing to his wife, or is he bound by law to provide for her? Does a legal separation make any difference to this?—R. D., Bournemouth, Hants.

● A husband can bequeath his estate to whom he wishes, but if he leaves his wife unprovided for in his will she can apply to court for maintenance out of his estate. A claim has to be made within six months of the will being proved. If the husband was separated from his wife, she would be unable to succeed in any claim, unless he has been maintaining her.

FOR YOUR SAFETY

ARE there any regulations which say that employers must provide an efficient first-aid service for their staffs, and what is the number of people who must be employed before such a service becomes compulsory?—W. B. B., Timperley, Cheshire.

● If two or more persons are working in premises where articles are made or prepared, the employer must provide a first-aid box or cupboard.

Where more than 150 people are employed he must supply another box for every additional 150 employees.

The boxes must be under the charge of a responsible person who, if more than fifty people are employed, shall be trained in first-aid and be readily available during working hours.

LOST AT THE CLUB

RECENTLY I left my raincoat in the cloakroom of a club to which I belong. I forgot to collect it that night

continued from previous page

of the show who controlled and directed all the actors. A very different performance from Monty's show a few days previously.

"May 19. Thank Heaven the Italian attack is going well, and it should play its part in holding formations in Italy and keeping them away from the Channel. At any rate we have proved that Marshall and the American Chiefs of Staff were all wrong arguing that the Germans would retire before we could attack and leave only some six divisions to cover their rear, leaving us with large forces stranded in Italy which we could not engage. Such a withdrawal may be forced on them later, but not, I hope, until we have knocked the stuffing out of them.

"May 20. Alexander's news of the Italian fighting continues to be excellent. Thank Heaven for it! I have staked a great deal on the Italian campaign in all our arguments with the Americans.

"May 25. Long C.O.S. with meetings with Planners, Lord Leathers, and Henry Pownall. Then hurried lunch and dash to Portsmouth where motor launch took me to vicinity of Isle of Wight to see the 'Whales,' new piers for the invasion. A wonderful sight. From there to Selsey Bill to see the 'Phoenixes,' the large concrete caissons for the breakwaters for the artificial harbours.

"May 26. The Italian offensive is going well, enemy reserves are being drawn in, and it is performing just the function we wanted with reference to the cross-Channel operations.

"May 27. A very full C.O.S. programme which I got through all right by going fast and keeping the ball rolling. By 12 noon I was off for Whit Monday weekend and just longing for a rest of a few hours from continual war responsibility. The hardest part of bearing such responsibility is pretending that you are absolutely confident of success when you are really torn to shreds with doubt and misgivings. But when once decisions are taken the time for doubts is gone, and what is required is to breathe the confidence of success into all those around.

"I never want again to go through a

and next day found it had gone. Can I claim anything from the club for the loss? — G. H. H., Cudworth, near Barnsley, Yorks.

● If the club made any special provision for coats to be deposited they would be expected to take reasonable care of them. If they had neglected to take this care, they could be held liable for your loss.

Otherwise you would probably be assumed to have left the coat at your own risk.

TERRACING DANGER

ON three occasions recently I have been hit by stones thrown by boys at a local football ground. Neither police nor the ground manager seems able to do anything about this. Can you tell me whose responsibility it is to protect spectators from this danger? —T. E. S., Southend, Essex.

● If the directors of the football club are aware of the identity of the boys who threw the stones it would be their duty to exclude them from the ground or take appropriate police action.

If you have evidence to show that any particular boy or boys threw stones at you, you could apply to your local magistrates for a summons.

PIPE DOWN COSTS

I AM the owner of a house in a row and water from the roofs of four other houses comes down a pipe attached to my property. Recently I have had to renew the piping and wonder whether I am entitled to a share of the costs from the other people.—F. D., Blackburn, Lancs.

● As the down-pipe is on your property and your neighbours have attained a right to use it, your obligation will be to maintain it.

The only exception would be if the deeds of the houses provide for maintenance costs to be shared.

WITHOUT PREJUDICE

WHEN solicitors send letters they sometimes head them with the words, "without prejudice." What is the legal significance of this expression? —S. W. P., Chepstow, Mon.

● These words at the head of a letter mean that the contents shall not be taken as debarring the writer from exercising any legal right he may have, or as admitting any liability.

For instance, an insurance company against whom a claim is being made may write offering a settlement, despite the fact that they do not admit any liability.

Such a letter would be marked "without prejudice" and it could not be produced in court to prove that the insurance company had admitted liability.

Worth Noting

ROGER SMITHELLS keeps practical homelovers up to date

▶ **Pot and pan rack:** One way of solving the storage of pots and pans is to fit a Polymaid saucepan rack on to your wall. It measures 25½ in. long by 11 in. high by 9½ in. deep and is made of smooth, plastic-covered wire. The shelves are white and the bearers are picked out in red. Price 28s. 5d. By Hall & Goulding, Ltd., Shripney Road, Bognor Regis.

▶ **Easy-sponge rug:** A rug which will not absorb dust or dirt, and which can even have trodden-on-lipstick stains washed off with warm soapy water, is now being made by Shildon.

Circular, and made to special order only, this Shildon Bri-Nylon rug measures 48 in. in diameter and costs from £4 10s. 6d. There is a choice of fourteen colours. By Alfred Morris Furnishings, Ltd., 60 Berners Street, London, W.1.

▶ **Safety tips:** Never fill the electric kettle at the sink without first switching off and unplugging it. Don't pour water from the kettle while it is still switched on. Replace cracked or damaged plug connectors at once.

▶ **Modern refuse disposal:** A new hygienic kitchen refuse bin, with replaceable bags which are disposed of when full, has a hinged metal fitment for hanging it to a wall or door, so saving valuable floor space in a small kitchen. A spring lever catch holds the paper bags in position, and screws for fixing are included with the Garbina, which sells for 19s. 6d.

This price includes a week's supply of paper bags. Replacement bags cost 2s. 6d. for 15. The Garbina is made by Garbins, Ltd., Tileyard Road, York Way, London, N.7.

▶ **Small-scale table tennis:** A table which measures 4 ft. in length by 2 ft. wide and 2 ft. 6 in. high, with tapered polished legs, forms the basic part of this table tennis set.

When not being used in play it can be covered with a cloth and used as a coffee table, or folded up and stored out of the way altogether. A net, two bats covered with a sound-deadening foam plastic material and two balls complete the set, which costs £4 19s. 6d.

Made by Johnny Leach Sports Co., Ltd., 17/18 Walton House, 1 Newman Street, London, N.1.

time like the present one. The cross-Channel operation is just eating into my heart. I wish to God we could start and have done with it."

In all, more than five thousand ships and 11,000 aircraft were engaged, and over a million picked troops, organized in thirty-seven divisions.

Fifty-fifty chance

With so much to achieve and at stake it was inevitable that those responsible should have fears for the issue. Three weeks before the convoys were due to sail, Eisenhower's naval A.D.C. was told by Bedell Smith that the chances of being able to hold the bridgehead were no more than fifty-fifty.

"The possibility of Hitler's gaining a victory in France cannot be excluded," the Prime Minister had written at the beginning of the year. "The hazards of battle are very great."

Haunted by the massacres of the great frontal attacks of the first World War, he had never ceased to hope that their repetition could be avoided by a less costly approach through Southern Europe, unlike Brooke, who, for all his insistence on a Mediterranean strategy as the indispensable preliminary to Overlord, believed that only through the latter could the fighting power of the Wehrmacht be broken.

Yet, as always, Churchill accepted and rose to the challenge. At the first presentation of invasion plans on April 7, General de Guingand noticed that when he spoke he at first appeared grave and tired, but that "he finished with great strength." Five days later the Prime Minister wrote to Dill in Washington that he had "hardened very much upon Overlord and was further fortified by the evident confidence of Eisenhower, Brooke and Montgomery."

"I am in this thing with you to the end," he told Eisenhower on May 8, his eyes filling with tears, "and, if it fails, we will go down together."

© Sir Arthur Bryant, 1959

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NEXT WEEK: D-Day and after. Alanbrooke stops the trouble between Monty and Churchill

Homemaker

THE PRACTICAL HOW-TO-DO-IT MONTHLY

SAVES YOU POUNDS

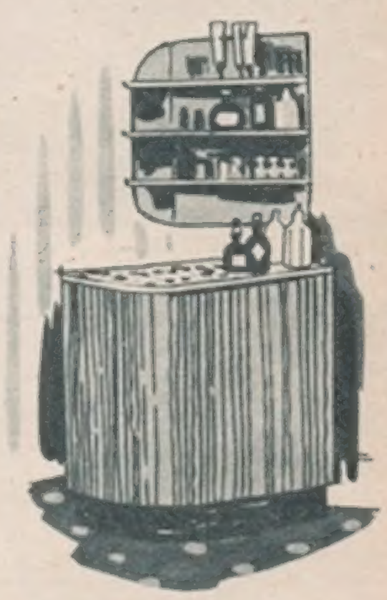
and here's why

A Dining Room Suite for only £13

Four chairs, a table and a sideboard, contemporary in style, at a fraction of the shop price. Fully illustrated with detailed, easy-to-follow instructions.

A Bar for Parties that You Build Yourself

Detailed instructions along with full-colour illustrations for making an informal and attractive bar. Basic items of glass ware that the average homemaker needs are also discussed.



A Guide to Carpet Buying that keeps costs down

An expert guide to what the shops have to offer, along with full colour illustrations of the latest patterns.

PLUS SCORES OF OTHER MONEY-SAVING IDEAS

HOW to build a false arch and attractive tiled shelves in an alcove—**HOW** to choose kitchen aids that earn their space—**HOW** to light your home—**HOW** to re-seat your chairs—**HOW** to build a better bathroom—**HOW** to paper awkward corners—**HOW** to plan home heating—**HOW** to make and stock a home aquarium—**HOW** colour can prevent a ceiling from looking too high or too low.

Homemaker

JANUARY ISSUE

OUT TUESDAY, DECEMBER 15

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